THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CIX.—No. 1416]
FEBRUARY 4, 1931
[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

OUR INEFFABLE POLITICIANS: See page 202

THE BRANDY WITH A DESERVED REPUTATION.

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FINEST EXTRA QUALITY
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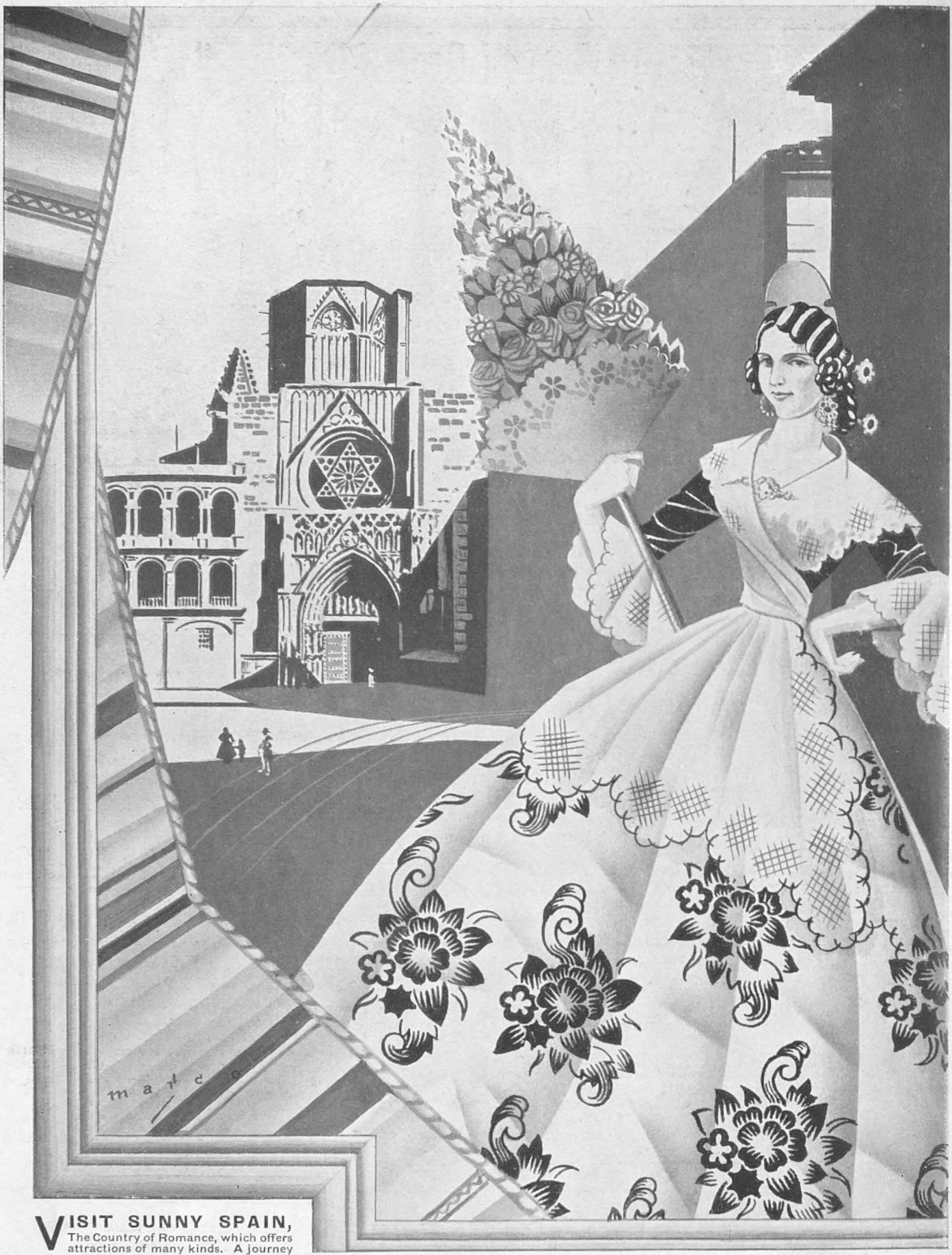


VISIT SUNNY SPAIN,

The Country of Romance, which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky.

On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive, in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land.

In these days of economic depression, money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and literature apply to the Spanish National Tourist Board Offices at Paris, 12, Boulevard de la Madeleine; New York, 695 Fifth Avenue; Rome, 9, Via Condotti; Munich, 6, Residenzstrasse; Buenos Aires, Veinticinco de Mayo, 158; Gibraltar, 63-67, Main Street. At London and other cities apply to Thos. Cook & Son's and Wagons Lits Agencies, or any other Travel Agency.

The Bystander, February 4, 1931

The BYSTANDER

No. 1416. Vol. CIX.

QUEEN HELENE OF RUMANIA

An exclusive portrait to "The Bystander" of Queen Helene, who has announced her definite intention not to return to King Carol. She demands to live in her own palace, and that her Civil List be paid, not by the King, but by the Government

SOME FORTHCOMING DEBUTANTES

MISS LILIAN CHAYTOR
The eldest daughter of Sir Edmund and Lady Chaytor, of Witton Castle, Witton-le-Wear. Her father, the sixth baronet, succeeded his brother, Lieutenant Sir Walter Chaytor, R.N., in 1913

The HON. ANTOINETTE PRESTON
The only sister of Viscount Gormanston, and one of this year's debutantes. Her brother, who succeeded to the title in 1925, is the Premier Viscount of Ireland, the title dating back to 1361

Inset : Miss Clare Hanson the younger daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Hanson, of Fowey Hall, Cornwall, and the Manor House, Old Malden, Surrey. She will make her curtsey at one of this year's Courts

MISS PEGGY PAGET
The eighteen-year-old daughter of the Countess of Drogheda, and a niece of the Marquess of Anglesey

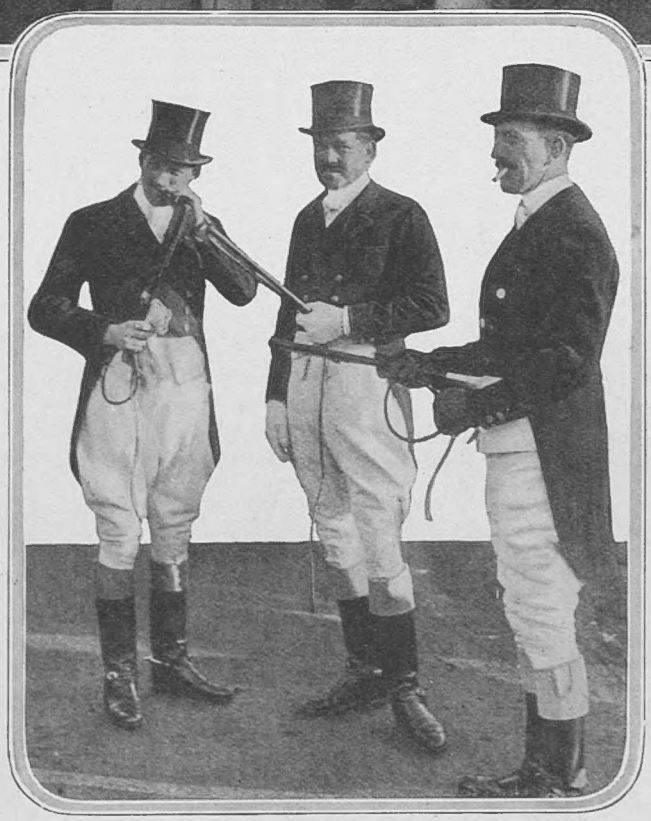
MISS CECILIA HORE-RUTHVEN
Another attractive girl who will come out this year. She is the elder daughter of Mr and Mrs. Charles Hore-Ruthven

Photographs : Hay Wrightson

the passing hour

The field taking the water jump on the first circuit during the running of the Nottinghamshire Handicap, always regarded as something of a pointer to Grand National chances, and all the horses with the exception of one in this race have been entered for the great Aintree event. "Old Orkney," our racing expert, will give his selection for the National in a future issue

News Illustrations

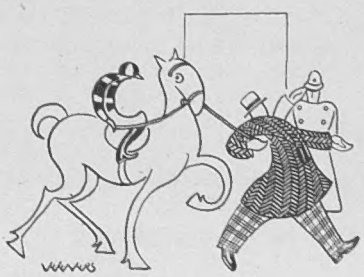


THREE WELL-KNOWN SPORTSMEN *L.N.A.*

Lord Ebrington, Capt. Euan Wallace, M.P., and Capt. the Hon. Roland Cubitt at a meet of the Cottesmore held at Langham

LADY HOUSTON'S sporting offer to provide the extra money necessary to enable us to take part in the Schneider Trophy race has had a remarkably satisfactory result. It is astonishing that we should have been ready to sacrifice our national prestige in the air so easily. And yet it was more the Air Ministry's fault than the Government's that we were intending to stand down. The other day I met a very senior member of the Royal Air Force, who told me that his colleagues did not think it worth the trouble, time, cost, and risk to stage another Schneider Trophy race. He said that it was about 40 to 1 against the weather conditions being perfect for the race last August, and very fortunate that no one was killed. In fact, he considered that any future race would be an anti-climax.

SPEAKING of prestige, surprisingly little attention has been paid to the prospects of the bobsleigh championship of the world which is to take place at St. Moritz on February 10 and 11. Germany, France, Czechoslovakia, the United States, Italy, and Austria will all be represented, in addition to England. However, the Royal Air Force has entered a team which bids fair to maintain our laurels. Last week they completed the course in the astonishing time of one minute twenty-three seconds. I would like to see the Brigade of Guards also represented.



MOST of the English visitors who went out to St. Moritz before the New Year are back again, including Kathleen Lady Drogheda, Lady Patricia Moore, and Lord Donegall. Lord Donegall organised several sporting events and helped to drink a jeroboam of 1906 Moët et Chandon at the Palace Hotel on the night of the race for the Duke di Sangro's gold cup. Later on a dancing competition was held at which the judges were Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, the Duchess of Alba, Count Rossi, and the Marquise de Polignac. One of the prize-winners was Sir John Child. Another was Monsieur Aldao, so well known in the casinos of France, who was partnered by Mrs. Goldwyn.

BRITISH WOMEN GOLFERS SET SAIL

Central News

A team of British women golfers, captained by Miss Diana Fishwick, the Women's Golf Champion, recently left for America where they will play in a series of tournaments starting with the Florida Women's Championships on February 16. They are seen at Waterloo on their departure for Southampton

Express

MISS DIANA FISHWICK

The British Woman Golf Champion, who captains the team seen in the above photograph. She is shown finishing a characteristic drive

"The Bystander" Golf Trophy will be competed for this year at Stoke Poges Golf Club, on Tuesday, March 24. It is anticipated that most of the leading lady players of the day will enter, partnered by professionals. This trophy, valued at £500, is at present held by Miss Horsfield and Abe Mitchell

INTERNATIONAL as St. Moritz is, it cannot claim to be as cosmopolitan as Monte Carlo. The other night, at the Hôtel de Paris, there were Prince William of Sweden, Prince Joachim of Prussia, Prince Danilo of Montenegro, not to mention Princess Helena Murat and one or two Russian Princes. Monte Carlo is having a very good season indeed.

POLITICS have been very much to the fore lately, and many piquant situations have arisen. The most important to the nation was the revelation of diametrically opposed points of view between Mr. Stanley Baldwin and his chief lieutenant, Mr. Winston Churchill, on the decision to grant practical independence to India, subject to "safeguards" on paper, when Mr. Baldwin deliberately proclaimed his adhesion to the Round Table Conference projects, and leaned, as Conservatives say, to the Left, much to the delight of the Socialists and to the deep chagrin of the rank and file of the Tories. The other piquant situation was when Sir John Simon opposed his nominal leader, "L.G.," on the Trades Disputes Bill, but as that ill-begotten document, although not quite strangled at birth, is in a precarious condition and is not expected to survive, it made little difference except as showing once again the deep rift in the lute of Liberalism.

MR. BALDWIN'S attitude, however, looks like still further estranging the support of the Conservative rank and file in Parliament and outside. His position as Party Leader, badly shaken by so many matters, is still further jeopardised. This is the more so since Mr. Churchill has now betaken himself off from the "Shadow

Mr. James Arthur Cobham Grant, the only son of Mr. and announced their engagement. Miss Sutor is the only daughter Gardens.

SOME RECENTLY ENGAGED COUPLES

Photopress

Mr. Hilary Maurice Bray and his fiancée, the Hon. Jane Margaret James, the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Northbourne, in the grounds of Betteshanger, Lord Northbourne's Kent seat

Lenare

Mrs. Cobham Grant, and Miss Betty Sutor who recently of Mr. and Mrs. R. McDonald Sutor, of Chesterfield W.1

Right : Miss Marjory Connolly, the daughter of Sir James Connolly, who was Agent-General for Western Australia from 1917 to 1924, and Mr. Alexander McKenchie, whose wedding will take place at Brompton Oratory this month. Miss Connolly is a well-known portrait painter and dress designer

P. and A.

Keystone

Left : Mr. Roderick Nicolson, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Nicolson, and Miss Bridget Kindersley, whose engagement has been announced. The latter is the younger daughter of Major Guy Kindersley, M.P., and Mrs Kindersley, of St Paul's, Walden, Hitchen

Cabinet," and stands forth once more as an independent critic. As he is the most eloquent Tory public speaker of the day, and was a figure before Mr. Baldwin was ever heard of, it seems probable that the position of the Conservative Party will be thoroughly prejudiced in the next General Election unless Mr. Baldwin, for the good of the country, realises that he is today looked upon by a great and growing public as a serious handicap. It is all terribly serious and pathetic, because the nation is waiting anxiously for some leader who will command confidence and lead us out of the troubled seas to the good harbour of Prosperity. Where is the Man?

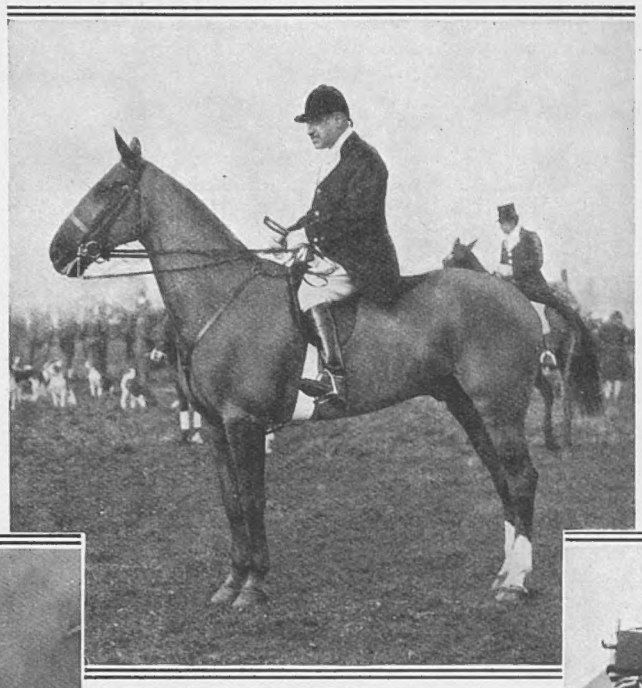
CANNES is always called the sports centre of the Riviera, and certainly just now it is a veritable hotbed of lawn tennis stars of every nationality, writes our correspondent on the Riviera. Little "Cilly" Aussem, the German champion, who wears the prettiest clothes of any of the tennis players, and is as good at dancing as she is on the tennis court, is playing; also "Toto" Brugnon, the most popular of the French "big four." Henri Cochet is arriving this week also.

THERE are champions of every country to be seen by the dozen. Signorina Valerio, the Italian girl, won the "Hope Cup" for "mixed singles" between men and women, presented by Lord Charles Hope, this week at the New Courts, which was quite an innovation in lawn tennis circles and made the men look to their laurels. The King of Sweden, Lady Crosfield, Lord Charles Hope, and Sir George Stanistreet are all lawn tennis experts also, while great enthusiasts who don't actually play, but watch every stroke with keen interest, are Sir John and Lady Lavery.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK and their suite arrive in Cannes next week in time for the regattas, and I saw the Aga Khan recently on the golf course, his hair blown by the wind, but determination in every movement, and incidentally playing very well indeed! He and the Begum have only been settled at Cap d'Antibes a few days, but, like Lord Derby, he never misses a day's golf when he can help it.

Talking of Lord Derby, he and Lady Derby are playing together in some very interesting "family foursomes" which Sir Arthur and Lady

WITH THE CAMERA IN THE HUNTING FIELD



Capt. H. C. Cox, M.F.H., Joint-Master of the Beaufort Hunt with the Duke of Beaufort, who is seen in the background, at a meet at Calcot Burn. Capt. Cox rides glorious hunters, and has proved a great asset to this famous hunt

L.N.A.

Lady Nunburnholme and Lady Georgina Curzon at the Quorn Hunt Ball meet. It was held at Melton Mowbray

L.N.A.

Lady Conyers taking films at the Quorn Hunt Ball Meet. With her is Capt Howard Kerr, the Duke of Gloucester's equerry

Lenare

THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, M.F.H.

Owing to the crushing burden of taxation, it is rumoured she is giving up Alnwick Castle and she and her family will take up their residence at Albury Park, Guildford

Crosfield are arranging at the Mougins Country Club.

Sir Arthur and his wife are amongst the pairs competing, also Lord Charles Montagu and Lady de Trafford, Lord Wester Wemyss and his pretty daughter, the Vaglianos, the Barrington Whites, and Lord Charles Hope and Madame d'Apostal.

MONTE CARLO is full of motor cars just now, and, although the Rally is a thing of the past, many of the competitors still linger on and seem, quite understandably, unwilling to move on.

There was a brilliant opening of the Opera season with *Une Nuit à Venise*, by Johann Strauss, which was well attended by a very smart audience, including, of course, the Prince of Monaco, who is a great music-lover.

The Russian Ballet is very popular, while, after the theatre, I notice that the open baccarat table at the Sporting Club is still the great attraction for all the big gamblers and their friends.

AMONGST the new arrivals this week in Monte Carlo is Mr. Kingsley McComber, without whom no Riviera season would be complete. His yacht Crusader is at her usual mooring in the harbour, but he himself at the moment is at his villa in the Avenue des Fleurs.

The Plantation jazz band at the Café de Paris seems to please everyone, and I saw crowds of big dinner parties going on at the latest gala. Lady Latta was hostess at one big table, where I saw Mr. and Mrs. Berry Wall and Lady Newborough, and I also saw the Baroness von Hutten, the Duc and Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, Comte Gramedo, and Madame Deschamps, looking very well dressed, as usual.

Prince and Princess Ghika have just arrived at the Hermitage, and I saw Sir Henry Rothband walking on the Terraces yesterday morning.

Lady McCarthy, in a white skirt and green coat and beret, was receiving congratulations on the success of her *My Monte Carlo Indiscretions*. She is a well-known figure in the Sporting Club just now and is often to be seen at the big baccarat table.

SIR WALTER AND LADY DE FRECE have been entertaining a good deal, and we are all delighted to see our old

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES ON THE RIVIERA

friend Humberto back once more and to realise that Ciro's has opened its doors again and is going strong.

I hear that the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, who are at present at their lovely estates at Mimizan, in the Landes, may be coming to the Riviera for a few days in their yacht, the Cutty Sark. Also some new arrivals at Cap Ferrat this week are Sir John and Lady Ward, whose villa, Rose Mary, is quite lovely.

Keystone

EN VACANCE ON THE MEDITERRANEAN

Mr. R. Soher (left) and some of his guests on board his yacht "Tyrant" at Cannes. With him are Miss Cynthia Churchill, Mr. John Head and Mrs. John Head

Sport and General

Fräulein "Cilly" Aussem, the famous German lawn tennis star, being greeted by the well-known referee, Mr. G. M. Simond, on her arrival at Cannes. Owing to her having had to undergo an operation on her foot, she had to rest for some time, but is playing again now

Cecil Beaton

The Duchess of Westminster, who, with the Duke, has been staying on their lovely estates at Mimizan, in the Landes. Their visit to the Riviera in their famous yacht, "Cutty Sark," was looked forward to eagerly

NICE has been very busy just lately, and the inauguration of the famous New Promenade des Anglais, which we have all admired in the making for some time past, will be performed by the Duke of Connaught (who is very brisk and energetic just now, and goes about quite a lot in his car), after which he will attend the big Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital fête at the Palais de la Mediterranée, where, I fancy, most of

A MILITARY WEDDING IN INDIA

A BIG MILITARY WEDDING AT QUETTA

A photograph taken after the wedding at Quetta of Capt. J. M. L. Grover, M.C., of The King's Scottish Light Infantry, the only son of General Sir Malcolm Grover, K.C.B., K.C.I.E., and Miss Betty Humphry, only child of Major-General L. Humphry, C.M.G. The group comprises (back row): Miss B. Gibson (left), Capt. L. Monier-Williams, the Bridegroom, Miss J. Mowat, Rev. G. E. Tucker and Lieut.-Colonel J. S. Mowat. Front row: General Sir Charles Harington, G.B.E., K.C.B., D.S.O., the Commander-in-Chief of the Western Command, India, and Miss Abril Geidon (left), Mrs. Humphry, the Bride, Major-General L. Humphry, C.M.G., Mrs. Watson Griffen, Mrs. J. S. Mowat, and Miss Elizabeth Clenell

ALTHOUGH the Carnival days are still ahead of us, there is tremendous activity in the Place Massena and the Avenue Victoire, where all sorts of marvellous arrangements for electric lighting effects are being arranged in the long avenue of plane trees over the busy street. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jay Gould were amongst those I noticed dining in the big restaurant of the Mediterranee a night or two ago; also Mr. and Mrs. George Gould, who are here on a short visit from Paris.

ON Monday week there will be a very good dance at the May Fair Hotel, when the British Empire Union holds its annual ball there. Lady Gainsborough is to be the hostess, and the chief attraction will be tableaux vivantes of well-known Victorians. I do not know yet who are the chosen originals, but Lord Inchquin, Mr. and Mrs. Shane Leslie, Mr. Ernest Thesiger, Miss Marie Löhr, and Colonel and Mrs. Auberon Kennard are going to take part in it. There will also be a tombola.

the well-known folk from all over the Riviera will be attending.

One of the features of the fête will be a "Highlanders' Ballet," which, I hear, will be something quite out of the ordinary, and promises to be a "real" success.

Photographs

Sport and General

SPORT AMIDST THE SNOWS OF SWITZERLAND

Lady Raeburn and her daughter, Patricia, setting out for a ski-ing expedition at Mürren

Sir Tresham Lever, Lady Lever and Miss Parker on the point of setting out for a run at St. Moritz, where winter sports are now in full swing

MORE HORSES FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

BRIDESMEN AND BRIDESMAIDS *Wide World*

When Lieut.-Commander M. Fogg-Elliot, R.N., and his bride, Miss B. M. Stiles-Webb were married last week at St. Michael's, Chester Square, they were attended by Naval officers and bridesmaids. The bridal attendants are seen outside the church after the ceremony

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

CLEAR CASH looked an odds-on chance between the last two hurdles at Sandown Park, but was outpaced up the hill to the winning post. Carried some big money, but losses should be recovered at an early date.

YALE BLUE looked all over a winner at Nottingham where he came a "purler" at the last flight. An expensive defeat. Proving a useful plating hurdler and should be followed.

SOUVENANCE has shown up prominently on more than one occasion and she should earn winning brackets over hurdles at an early date. Was a good fourth at Nottingham.

LORDI is unreliable, and has been the cause of good money being lost by his supporters. But a further investment is advised if he takes his chance at Gatwick. The dead galloping track should suit him.

SANPERE is better now than he has been all the season. Carrying 12st. 4lb. he ran gamely to separate Prince Sadim and White Mountain over two miles and three miles, and to each he was giving a bundle of weight.

MEANDER fences exceedingly well, and having noted the running with West Indies should go close in future races.

Keystone

Lieut.-Commander M. Fogg-Elliot, R.N., and Miss B. M. Stiles-Webb passing under the arch of swords provided by the Guard of Honour after their recent wedding at St. Michael's, Chester Square

CIRO'S is very gay at the moment. Miss Frances Day is singing songs at the piano and then conducting Billy Cotton's orchestra, and she can claim the distinction of being about the first woman to have conducted a dance band. She is very charming and vivacious, and is having a great success, thanks partly to her ability to pick out individual members of the audience and sing at them to the amusement of the rest of the guests and the consternation of the victim.

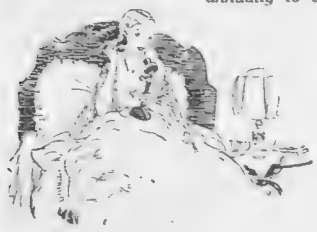
HECTOR, the maître d'hôtel who left the May Fair to start his own restaurant in Devonshire House, is finding that many people think, because it is called Hector's, that his place is a club of which you have to be a member. This is, of course, not so. Not only this, but there is no couvert charge for supper and dancing, so that guests can order a drink or a sandwich and, so to speak, enjoy the band free.

MISS JANE WOOD

The attractive young actress, who was recently married to Mr. Malcolm Tod, the film actor. She deputised with great success for Mme. Alice Delysia, who played lead in the farce, "A Pair of Trousers," at the Criterion Theatre

Sport and General

Miss Ouida MacDermott, the Principal Boy in "Cinderella," at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, entertaining some of the three hundred little people who visited the pantomime last week. They were the guests of the Children's Salon of "Britannia and Eve," which subscribes over £40 annually to enable poor kiddies to visit a pantomime



GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-four-three . . . line engaged? . . . Exchange? . . . Try Mayfair double-owe-four-three again. . . . Thank you. . . . Hello, Baa, who were you talking to? . . . Oh! no wonder! couldn't get on! . . . How are you this morning? . . . I feel rather like that, too. . . . I've just seen the most divine dress, which has been made for the Duchess of York . . . Nile-green velvet . . . quite—quite plain . . . with a long collar of chinchilla ending at the waist. . . . She will look lovely in it. . . .

* * *

I'M just in from the Park, and met everyone else there on the same errand . . . exercise for me and my hound. . . . Dogs do not wait for introductions . . . and it is *so* difficult NOT to make new friends . . . especially when they are tall, good-looking with a Chevalier smile. . . . However! . . . The Marchesa Malicrida was accompanied by a faithful four-legged friend, but pretty little Oonagh Kindersley was pushing her adorable year-old son in his pram. . . .

* * *

HE has the unusual name of Gay. . . . Oonagh is so small one feels she ought to be in a pram herself. . . . Of course, you remember her as Oonagh Guinness, one of the three lovely blonde sisters who, as children with long, flowing hair, were the envy of every contemporary nursery. She is one of the few people who can wear a sequin beret; hers is white and most becoming.

* * *

I AM so interested to see that real pearls are returning to fashion. . . . At the Embassy the other night Poppy Thursby . . . whom we still remember best as Poppy Baring . . . wore three rows of small ones, while Mrs. "Jimmie" Rutland . . . Lord Ashfield's daughter . . . Lady Bowden, and Mrs. Victor Emanuel wore single rows. . . . Mrs. Victor Emanuel is, I notice, a follower of the American style of very little "make-up" . . . in fact, I should be surprised if she uses any at all. . . .

* * *

JESSICA CORNELIUS, who was Jessica Northesk, also wears her skin "au naturel" . . . save for a touch of powder. . . . Alas! she and her husband have deserted us for Cairo . . . where he is secretary at the Residency. . . . They write that the weather is lovely, but things have been quiet owing, of course, to Court mourning.

* * *

I HEAR Tom Mills is to be the secretary of Poulsen's new club at Datchett . . . which is to be *the* chic spot this summer. . . . He is Lady Chesham's brother, and married pretty Beryl Hornsby. . . . There is a lovely story told of him . . . that he dislikes evening parties so much that the other day he sold his dress clothes to a waiter for seventeen shillings.

* * *

"KIT" MAUDE was in great form the night before his wedding to Joan Egerton. . . . He is an excellent sportsman, but is more interested in animals and birds in their natural state than in killing them. . . . I have seen him wait for hours by a river or lake watching for a kingfisher . . . or observing a water-hen feeding her young. . . . His new "step-grandmother-in-law" . . . Sybil Lady Brassey . . . is a striking figure with that lovely snow-white hair. . . .

* * *

TALKING of white hair, I always look at Lady Wavertree's with envy. She is a marvellously youthful person and so energetic. . . . Her house in Regent's Park, which Lord Wavertree has redecorated quite recently, is charming. The windows of the grey drawing-room open on to the lawns, and the long dining-room looks on to a paved courtyard . . . its fine proportions leading the eye to a magnificent picture of Catherine the Great. . . .

* * *

HAVE you heard about the well-known naval lieutenant who, having escaped the stern paternal eye for years, was caught red-handed . . . so to speak . . . by papa the other night . . . or rather morning . . . lying in his baby brother's perambulator, which was in the ancestral hall . . . saying, "I can't . . . think . . . why they make . . . these damned berths . . . so small . . . anyway, there's a hell of a sea . . . to-night. . . ."

* * *

MARGERY BRECKNOCK is off to the West Indies with Lady Louis Mountbatten. . . . She has not been too fit, as she had pleurisy after her son was born . . . five months ago . . . and is still rather under the weather . . . however, the trip will do her good, and she couldn't have a more sympathetic companion, because, if you remember, Edwina Mountbatten was so ill herself in the summer. . . . Lord Brecknock has given up the gramophone shop which he and his wife opened in Knightsbridge, but they still have an interest in a music publishing business. . . .

* * *

WHAT is going to happen in a few years when every woman has her own shop? . . . I suppose we will just have to buy from each other . . . Every day my greatest friends and dearest enemies write asking me to patronise their business . . . quite original, however, is Patricia Robertson's idea to come to your house and arrange flowers, having just bought them for you for almost nothing . . . comparatively . . . at Covent Garden. . . . Patricia is the twenty-year-old daughter of Margot Robertson, that attractive woman . . . who gives the most amusing "hen" luncheons in London—a difficult achievement! . . .

* * *

EVERYONE wanted to know why Lord Tennyson was looking sad at a party the other night in spite of a superabundance of beautiful women at his table. . . . What's that? . . . You must get up? . . . What a nuisance you are . . . I have lots more to say . . . well, then, à bientôt . . . But listen . . . Baa . . . Hello . . . hello . . . no, it doesn't matter, Exchange, thank you. . . .

THE CONSERVATIVE LEADER and INDIA

Photos G.P.A. and Keystone

Mr. Stanley Baldwin meeting Lord Willingdon, the newly appointed Viceroy of India, and Lady Willingdon on their arrival from Canada. In the debate in the House of Commons last week Mr. Baldwin staggered his followers by opposing Mr. Winston Churchill's strong criticisms on the Socialist policy of surrender to the Gandhi faction and others, and intimated that he supported that surrender. In the background looms the shadow of Gandhi, who has been released from gaol and has celebrated it by announcing that he will continue his hostile policy to England unless all his demands are conceded

MR SNOWDEN CLOSES HISTORIC HOUSES

Topical

AN aerial view of Cliveden, Lord Astor's beautiful riverside estate at Taplow, which he is closing temporarily owing to the crushing burden of taxation imposed by Mr. Philip Snowden, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The lower photograph shows Lord and Lady Astor with their children at Cliveden, which was originally built by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, burned down in 1785 and again destroyed by fire in 1849 when the property of the second Duke of Sutherland. It is reported that the Duke of Northumberland is closing Alnwick Castle, the ducal family going to live at Albury Park, Guildford, Surrey. These closings of big estates naturally throw many more people out of work

Keystone

BY BEAUCHAMP

"My dear George, she's been one of the Bright Young Things for years and years and years!"

If Gossip We Must.

Queenie Leonard (left), Edward Cooper and Effie Atherton, who appear in cabaret as "Just We Three," have achieved a great success at the Café de Paris and other West End restaurants, and will take part in C. B. Cochran's new revue to be produced shortly at the London Pavilion. They kindly gave their services at the Great Eight Cabaret and Dance, held recently at the Imperial Hotel, Russell Square

FRANCES MADDUX

Who has been scoring a big success at the Café de Paris with her songs. These include, "I've got it Again," "You do Something to Me," and "Beyond the Blue Horizon"

THERE is some prospect, as I write, of the Government being defeated and resigning over the Trades Disputes Bill. Since we shall know one way or the other before these lines are published, I had better leave it at that. But I found few things more ironically amusing than the explanation sundry Ministers have been giving of late about both themselves in particular and the Cabinet in general. "We are fed up," they have been saying, with an air of fatigued righteousness. Now it is a matter of very little moment whether this, or any other Government, happens to be fed up. What does matter very much is whether the country is fed up. The country pays heavily for useful results, which it has every right to expect. It does not get them, for we have lost the knack of ever getting anything we expect, especially if it is something pleasant. For the Government to talk about being fed-up may be a subtle little joke of their own. If so, I am afraid it is a trifle too subtle for me.

THAT "that sinking feeling" can affect Cabinets as well as individuals I can well believe. But in the case of the latter there are various antidotes, in the form of salaries, which few of the members of the present gang would be able to pick up in any other form of occupation. Political journalism is not the paying game it was, even in the American market. An ex-Prime Minister could always manage to rub along in fair comfort. "Jim" Thomas is as clever as paint, and for him there would always be the music-hall stage, with a comic speech twice nightly. But talks of tiredness and injured martyrdom are coupled with a pretty human desire to hold on as long as possible for reasons that have nothing to do with ideals.

But what a contrast between the flourish of trumpets and the blather about a brighter and better England that marked the entry of Labour into power, and the peevishness that has been the feature of nearly all its utterances since troubles set in!

THE release of Gandhi and other prisoners in India is supposed by its apologists to be the height of tact and diplomacy and the sort of political courage that looks like weakness to superficial thinkers, but is really noble and strong. We heard that sort of argument put forward by conscientious objectors during the War, when they declared that to brave unpopularity needed far more pluck

GLOOMY YOUTH (*to unrecognised hostess*): HOSTESS: "Because I sent you a card!"

THE MIDLAND BANK AT PLAY

A scene in the first act of "The Damask Rose," as played by the Midland Bank Operatic and Dramatic Society with balance and without an overdraft on the patience of the audience

Express Photos

Standas and Wanda, the two principals, in a scene from the Midland Bank's production of "The Damask Rose." It was presented last week at the Scala Theatre in aid of St. Bartholomew's Hospital

than facing German bayonets or machine-guns. Which is flapdoodle of the silliest type. The Government's concession after concession in India looks like weakness, and it is weakness and nothing else. Moreover, it is a concession brought about through threats. When once the Oriental mind fully realises that it has only to threaten to obtain whatever it wants, we shall pack up and leave India at once, because we shall have to. This will be bad for the prestige of the Empire and disastrous for India itself. But it is precisely what the Liberal "Little Englander" and the Socialist sentimentalist—dangerous folk, whether sincere or insincere—particularly desire to see brought about as soon as possible.

By Bertram Prance

"Can't think why I came to this dud affair!"

Zillah Bateman, appearing at the Apollo Theatre in "Bed Rock," a play by Eden Phillpotts and the late Basil MacDonald Hastings, brought up to date by H. F. Maltby

WHY is England cursed nowadays in the East with such spineless pro-consuls? Lord Irwin, decent fellow though he is, is the most perilously spineless of the lot, for he has given way without extracting any safeguards. And for this he is not only patted on the back by a Labour Government at home, but has the official encouragement of the Conservative Party through its head, Mr. Baldwin, who is a friend of his and admires him. Are there no people in the Conserva-

WICKED WINNIE

Mr. Baldwin repudiated Mr. Winston Churchill's spirited speech in the House, on India, saying, "Had this been a day of silence for Mr. Churchill I should not have intervened"

"OH, Winnie, you really are awful!
You need a good slapping, you do;
My placid repose has been brought to a close
And it's owing entirely to you!
Why are you so horribly awkward,
And why air such views in the House,
When your leader's content to behave like a gent
By suppressing all symptoms of nous.

"Yes, silence, dear Winnie, is golden,
If speech proves you cannot agree
With the policy tame to which I put my name,
So why don't you emulate me?
Strong views, like strong drink, make for trouble,
And trouble I always abhor,
So the best way to greet any trouble you meet
Is with closed eyes and satisfied snore.

"So, Winnie, suppress all expressions
Which tend to produce stress and strife,
For all that I ask is permission to bask
Through a languorous political life.
Come, follow my noble example,
And don't be a goat—be a sheep,
And observe well how I let all sleeping dogs lie—
Why I even let lying dogs sleep!"

B. W.

Stage Photo Co.

"Hawk Island," the amusing thriller at the Comedy Theatre. Above, a hold-up by the host (Hugh Williams). His startled guests are played by Minnie Blagden, Ivor Barnard, Dorothy Wordsworth, Cyril Raymond, Henry Hewitt, Frances Clare and Pamela Carme. On the left, what caused the spot of trouble. Edgar Norfolk telling Minnie Blagden exactly what he thinks of her, while her husband (Henry Hewitt) overhears

"YOU FIRST, CAPTAIN!" By Hynes

velopment of unrest, disorder, disloyalty and assassination." And after that statement of what is profoundly true, Mr. Baldwin turns him down and supports the give-give-give-at-all-costs gang.

tive Party who cannot see the madness of the Socialist-cum-Irwin-cum-Baldwin policy in India? Yes, Winston Churchill, who has denounced the "surrender" policy in one of the most striking speeches of his career. Most justly did he declare that "the landslide in British opinion had been accompanied in India by a steady de-

THERE is a complacent feeling in official Conservative circles that it is necessary to do nothing but wait for the fall of the Government, and then to enjoy some years of office as a matter of course.

I am not so sanguine. But I think there is every chance of this coming about if some sort of triangular arrangement could be reached between Winston and Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook. With Winston as leader of the party, and the support of a powerful Press combine, there would be life and energy there. All three men have, of course, their enemies, and all three have their faults. But they are men of action and brains, and are passionately sincere in their desire to see the Empire strong and united and industrial prosperity

Stage Photo Co.

restored. Neither of these things can be achieved by Socialism, red or pale pink, or by the grey inactivity of Baldwinism.

PAVLOVA is now only a graceful memory. At her prime she was the loveliest creature in the world and a divinely inspired dancer. But her prime was twenty years ago, and the modern generation saw her only as a dancer who was obviously sparing herself and, sometimes, dancing with an effort. Pavlova could never dance badly, and could never be other than a consummate artist; yet the Pavlova that toured about the provinces and the suburban theatres, with, occasionally, a not exactly epoch-making season at Covent Garden, was sadly overshadowed by the Diaghileff troupe. Now Diaghileff and Pavlova are both dead the "stars" who appeared under their control are scattered in revues and music-halls, and the great days of ballet-dancing have passed. Perhaps they will recur. I believe the Camargo Society are nurturing some promising youngsters. But I doubt whether there is a budding Pavlova, Karsavina, or Nijinsky among them.

ODETTE MYRTIL has returned to London, and is singing, dancing, playing the violin, and conducting the orchestra at the Kit-Cat. A most accomplished person, I remember her a good many years ago at the Alhambra, with a long pointed white collar and a flopping fringe which she had a trick of blowing away from her forehead with a puff of her lips. The fringe and the collar have gone, but the talent remains. Long residence in America has not destroyed her essential Frenchiness.

KETTNER'S, that famous resort of Victorian days, moves with the times. It now has a cabaret intime (necesarily "intime," for it is a tiny place and very cosy and comfortable), which Carl Hyson has produced. I found a good crowd of cheery and interesting folk there on the opening night to give it a successful launch. Although the girls are as pretty as peaches, and do both acrobatic and ballet dancing in a space that calls for exceptional skill if one is not to whisk a champagne bottle off one of the tables with a flying kick, their voices are not up to much. With just one singer the cabaret would be perfect. Billy Leonard is just the type of amusing buffoon for this sort of show, and puts everyone in a good temper right away with his songs—and keeps them in it. One of these songs is a witty ditty about the woes of being a policeman's child.

URSULA JEANS

The leading lady in "Kong," the Chinese play of 1600, which opens at the Cambridge Theatre to-morrow, February 5. She is also busy filming at Elstree

Paul Tanqueray

Sasha

Stanelli, of Stanelli and Edgar, who have just returned from a successful season in America. They are now appearing in cabaret at the Cosmo Club, and also in the Trocabaret at the Trocadero

ARE our nerves getting on edge as the result of the increasing noise of the traffic, the terrible rattle of the pneumatic road-drill, and the clamour in erection of vast steel sky-scrapers all over London? Many of us are as nervy as kittens, and very few of us as graceful. I know of several offices where fines for banging the door are inflicted. Which reminds me of the notice Col. "Chris." Eliot, Lord St. German's brother, stuck up when he was in charge of the Passport Office. It ran, "Don't bang the door. It frightens *us*, and doesn't get *you* to France any sooner."

FILM NOTES

Below, Conrad Nagel's syncopated serenade does not meet with Genevieve Tobin's approval. A scene from "Blind Wives," a satire of modern married life, now at the Regal

Tol'able David shoulders the burdens of his family and attempts to impress Ester in a scene in "Tol'able David," to be seen shortly in the West End

SUNNY? Further Outlook Unsettled

By LIONEL COLLIER

IF the new film "Sunny," recently shown at the Leicester Square Cinema, is anything like a barometer of talkie weather I should be inclined to say that it points not only to an unsettled but almost to a stormy outlook. It is another attempt to put on to the screen a musical comedy which was quite successful on the stage. The story, as is usually the case with musical comedies, is "tripe"—I have yet, by the way, to discover why so delectable a dish should have been chosen as a nomenclature for the unsavoury.

ANYWAY, most of the songs and music of the original have been cut out, and we are asked to rely on the charm of Marilyn Miller and the antics of a new screen comedian, Joe Donahue, to constitute our entertainment. Marilyn Miller, when I first saw her in "Sally," certainly intrigued me. However crude colour may be at the present time it made her ethereal and charming; in fact, she struck me as one of the most attractive stars in the movie sky. In monochrome this effect was not apparent. She has a winsome personality and can dance excellently; but somehow the magnetism of her personality disappeared with the colour, and we are left with a very ordinary screen heroine.

JOE DONAHUE'S humour consists in being verbose with a leaning to the imbecile. I found him most definitely annoying, while the comedy Englishman—essential to an American musical comedy—was equally irritating, although I suppose one must say he was well put over by Mackenzie Ward. O. P. Heggie also appears in the cast, but why they should have troubled to put such an excellent actor in so poor a part as he has here it is difficult to understand.

This continual endeavour to adapt stage shows to the screen is undoubtedly a mistake. It is advertised as "a great British stage success which will draw large audiences on its theatrical reputation alone." What does its stage reputation matter, and apart from that how can a producer hope to emulate a play written for the stage in terms of camera? The dog is barking up the wrong tree, as anyone can see if they will go to such pictures as "Sous les Toits de Paris" and "The Blue Angel," both of which are entirely cinematic in treatment.

Marilyn Miller surrounded by admirers version of the successful

SOME years ago, 1923, I believe to be exact, Richard Barthelmess brought eulogies on his reputation by his performance in a silent version of Joseph Hergesheimer's story, "Tol'able David." It was a simple drama of a young

David fights for his life in "Tol'able David," in which Richard Cromwell and Noah Beery co-star

in a scene in Warner Brothers' film musical comedy, "Sunny"

country lad who was involved in a family feud out West and stayed his hand because his mother desired it so. The character drawing was excellent, and one felt that here was both sincerity and a picture which, while being dramatic, was compatible with real life. The talkie version, which has just been shown to the Press, and which will have a special presentation shortly, is even better.

JOHN BLYSTONE, the director, has realised his medium, and has not let dialogue cramp the scope of his camera, so that we have most of the action that is so essential to a successful screen play. Dialogue is subsidiary and in the main takes the place of the sub-title in the silent film. Very briefly the story concerns the life of a young boy in a Western village, who, having lost his brother and father through the venom and almost insane brutality of a neighbour, finally revenges himself on him and works out his own manhood.

In such a story it is naturally the characterisation that plays the larger part, and Richard Cromwell as the youth is excellent. No less efficient is Noah Beery as the villain, while Joan Peers makes a most attractive heroine. There is real drama in this picture, and one lives with the people it depicts. It is all too seldom that one has the chance of being carried out of one's self at the cinema, but here is a picture that will do it.

SHOULD a married man use brute force to show his wife that in him lingers a remnant of the cave man and so command respect? According to "Blind Wives," now at the Regal, a good uppercut to the jaw can work wonders on a wife who finds monotony in marriage and longs for a career. Mind you, I doubt if you, my dear sir, can hope to emulate Conrad Nagel's exhibition of the dignity of man, but you will be soothed to see how it works in his case—even if only temporarily.

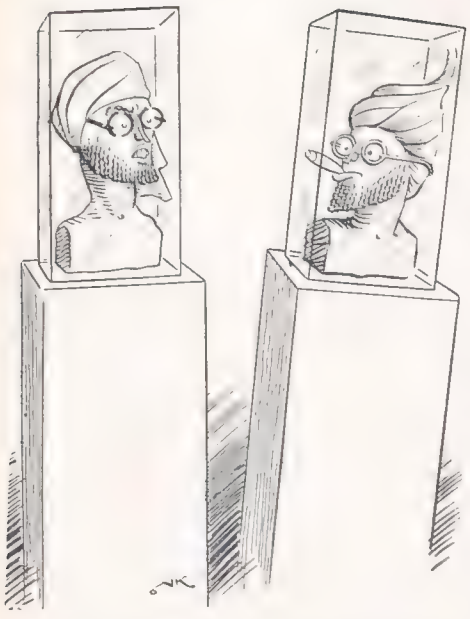
NAGEL'S amazing wife, who, in spite of having given birth to twins, still desires to live for a career, is excellently played by Genevieve Tobin, an American stage actress. Her voice is excellent, and she understands how to give point to the witty lines of this admirable domestic comedy.

"Down but not Out." Clara Bow, who in spite of misfortunes shows that she is ready for a "come-back" in her two latest pictures, "Her Wedding Night" and "Love Among the Millionaires"

HOLLYWOOD has its own moral standard which, according to conflicting reports, may seem a little strange to us. The latest victim of this "Alice Through the Looking Glass" code is Clara Bow, the living embodiment of Elinor Glyn's somewhat elusive "It." Notoriety often helps a star, but in this case Miss Bow seems to have suffered by it, although the company who is dispensing with her services attributes the dismissal to illness. However, the red-headed, good-natured little trouper refuses to be put out, even if she is, as she says, down, and one can only admire her pluck as much as one admired her brilliant comedy acting.

Few people seem to remember that one of the star's cleverest characterisations was in "Mantrap," an exceedingly good satirical picture, based on a Sinclair Lewis story.

PERSIAN AS SHE IS SPOKE



"It's no reason for you to turn the place into a Texas Guinan dive"

The time is somewhere between eight and nine in the evening. The last of the day's visitors from the Exhibition of Persian Art has long ago disappeared. The Galleries of the Royal Academy are deserted. The beauty and the genius of the East are alone with the shadows. Suddenly there is a slight movement in Gallery 1. Then a sound, then several sounds. Perhaps it is but the vibration of Piccadilly traffic. Perhaps not.

A HEAD (*lent by Mr. Arthur Upham Pope, Advisory Curator of Eastern Art in the Art Institute of Chicago*): Bang, bang, she's my baby. Bang, bang, she's my baby. Bang, bang, she's my baby. I wanna Charleston, Charleston——.

ANOTHER HEAD (*lent by Brummer Gallery, New York*): Hey! Lay off that stuff, can't you? Just because there ain't no darn receptions to any of those punk art societies to-night it's no reason for you to turn the place into a Texas Guinan dive.

CHICAGO HEAD: Sez who?

NEW YORK HEAD: Sez I.

CHICAGO: And just who in hell are you?

NEW YORK: Say, smartie, when I send a wreath for your funeral you'll know soon enough.

TWO ACHAEMENID WARRIORS (*from the Kaiser Frederich Museum, Berlin*): Mein Gott! These vulgar Americans! Five minutes there, and all five thousand years of art and culture lost.

A BRONZE HEAD (*he is a Prince, with long beard and wearing a turban. He speaks as if 2,000 years were all too short to complete one sentence*): "Awake! For morning in the bowl of night. . . ."

"I've never been stared at so much in all my life"

CHICAGO: Aw! For heaven's sake, cawn't anybody teach him the second verse? Say, boys, d'you see that blonde in here to-day? Know who she was? Why, that was Greta Garbo! Yeah. I'm telling you. And I gotta date.

THE PRINCE: "Has flung the stone that puts the stars to flight."

CHICAGO: That's "oak," baby. I gotta stone. Leastways, I'm getting it to-night. A whole quarry of them. What's one diamond to a dame like that?

A PERSIAN COURTIER (*from the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, Eng.*): Really, the language this creature uses is too, too intolerable. I shall have to complain to the Secretary-General.

CHICAGO: Aw! Baloney!

2ND PERSIAN COURTIER: No, Major Longden. And we shall inform him your behaviour does not conform to the dignity and honour of this place and recommend your instant removal.

CHICAGO: Maybe I won't require your assistance. Maybe I'm going anyhow. So put that in your Cambridge sausage and smoke it.

1ST PERSIAN COURTIER: How, too, too insufferable. You're quite right, Yahya, to be angry with him. Could you lend me your dagger for a second? I've broken my nail.

CHICAGO: Well, boys, I'm off. You don't know nothing yet. Watch me collect that packet that Woolworth's doesn't sell, baby. All gold and green and ruby rainbows. And nix on that New York sap. I'll show him who's the big shot in this town.

THE WARRIORS OF BERLIN: In our country they thieves in prison put.

CHICAGO: Oh yeah! Then how d'you come to be here?

BERLIN: The jewels you to steal are going protected by Invisible Ray are. They'll hear you and arrest you.

CHICAGO: They haven't heard me for two thousand years. I guess they won't start now. So long, boys. Telegraphic address, Ritzotel.

1ST ARCHER (*in green-enamelled bricks, from the Musée du Louvre, Paris*): Who said Ritz Hotel?

2ND ARCHER: It did make me feel homesick, too. And we've missed that party of Elsie de Wolffe's. I wish I was back in Paris.

1ST ARCHER: If I have to cross that Channel again I'm going to die.

2ND ARCHER: I'm going to die if I don't. I've never been stared at so much in my life. And what faces!

1ST ARCHER: Freezes, I call them. And the women, with that *air d'une vache qui regarde passer un train rapide.*

2ND ARCHER: All women are the same after you've kissed them. Thank heaven, we don't have to.

1ST ARCHER: That's one consolation in being made of bricks.

THE PRINCE: "And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
'The Sultan's turret in a Noose of Light."

A PERSIAN (*on horseback*): Speak to me, Pervaneh! Speak to me! Two thousand years I have waited to see you again. And now that I have found you, you will not answer. Speak to me, Pervaneh! If in life I was not true, in

"How too, too insufferable!"

eternity I am faithful. Ah, Pervaneh, if your heart must be locked, let, at least, your lips be opened. Have pity on me, Pervaneh!

AN ACHAEMENID WARRIOR: Excuse me, if that's my wife you keep bothering, I wish you'd be quiet. She hasn't spoken to me for nineteen hundred years, so it's not likely she'll have anything to do with a philanderer like you.

CHICAGO (*rolling into his case*): Hell! Boys, they got me. That Brummer racket from New York. They was waiting for me by the jool case. Hell! I'm all in. . . .

PRINCE: Once more . . . we take . . . the Golden Road to Samarkand. . . .

[*Nightwatchmen enter seeking intently. One stops before the case.*]

NIGHTWATCHMAN: That's funny. I could 'a' sworn I heard something in here. (*He peers into the case.*) Hello, that's funny, too. Somebody must've bumped this. That head's been and fallen over.

[*They pass on. Once more the beauty and the genius of the East are alone with the shadows.*]

RICHARD VINER.

BY SOYKA

"L'ESPRIT DE COCOTTE"

WHO SAID ... the 'good old days' have gone?

The velvet coats lose their brilliant sheen, the powdered wigs softly sink into darkness, the cheery, robust faces fade into dancing shadows . . . a candle makes its last flickering bid for life . . . through the darkness peep two red glows . . . growing dim, brighter, dim, brighter . . . burning evenly, with an aroma that's heavenly . . . a silent conversation between two men . . . perfect understanding, yet only gentle puffs pass between their lips.

To-day, yesterday, the day before . . . since the day when the Third Earl of Craven commanded Craven Mixture to be specially blended, men have sat like this . . . some say it's solitude . . . but you and I know better . . . we know Craven. In the good old-fashioned way, it is still patiently blended. In the good old tin it is still packed. In the good old briar it still gives a heavenly aroma and satisfaction that makes us smile at modern methods . . . yes, the good old days are still with us . . . in Craven Mixture, 2 ozs. 2/5.

The soul of "Craven" is inimitable, unmatchable. You cannot find it in other Tobaccos any more than you can find the perfume of the natural rose in a soulless imitation. And the appeal to the sense of taste! How bewitchingly and entrancingly Craven captivates the taste! How lovingly the smoker of Craven Mixture handles his pipe! To him the taste and fragrance of Craven are indeed the very SOUL of Tobacco—something to dwell upon, to revel in; something, as Sir J. M. Barrie says, "to live for."

Craven

Mixture *Tobacco*

Made by Carreras Limited, London. Established 1788

"First-Nighters" at "The Improper Duchess," at the Globe Theatre,

Including

Critics Caught in Off Moments

Mr. Golding Bright, the play agent (left); Mr. Sydney Carroll, who writes special theatrical articles as well as glancing at the films; and Mrs. Godfrey Tearle

Mr. James Agate, the dramatic critic of the "Sunday Times," devotes a few moments during an entr'acte to philosophic reflection and thinking of Sarah Bernhardt

Mr. Beverley Nicholls chatting with a friend at the first night of "The Improper Duchess." He is a bit of a playwright in his spare time

Mr. Hannen Swaffer, the dramatic critic of the "Daily Express," comfortably ensconced in a hat, with Miss Earle Astrup and Mr. G. W. Bishop, the Editor of the "Era"

Patrons here!—Mr. and Mrs. Ostrer, with (centre) Mrs. Ely. Mr. Ostrer is the American millionaire and one of the famous Ostrer brothers who financed the British Gaumont Film Company

THE INIMITABLE AND IRREPRESSIBLE MIRTH-MAKER

Cicely Courtneidge in "Folly to be Wise" at the Piccadilly Theatre. Here she is, the second from the left, as a suburban globe-trotter in a low Paris café which she and a friend visit under a misunderstanding. Thanks to the effect of a little alcohol, she regards even a murder, as here perpetrated, with benign indifference

Cicely Courtneidge, in more serious mood, as a patrician about to part with the house which she has occupied since she was a bride. Until the very end, this is a serious study of charming old age

An Appreciation of

By our Dra

SHALL I confess that in Cicely Courtneidge me no thrill? Yet suc I then regarded her as adequate when appearing stage entertainments. Gra to appreciate merit, or merit, be revealed. Watching Ci ence gave place to pleasure until to-day I consider her o actresses on the stage. Ple word—*actress*, for quite apa acrobatics—a new accom can, in a few moments on observant humour all he character in almost every a really clever actress ca

Which is Cicely, which is she? Nu and, yes, Cicely Courtneidge. Being they should show muc

KER: CICELY COURTNEIDGE IN SOME OF HER MOODS

n of Cicely Courtneidge

Dramatic Critic.

that in years gone by the name of
eidge on a programme yielded
Yet such was the case. Frankly,
as an actress who was merely
pearing in the lighter forms of
. Gradually, however, I began
r merit, hitherto hidden, began to
ning Cicely Courtneidge, indiffer-
leasure, pleasure to enthusiasm,
r her one of the most remarkable
e. Please observe the choice of
ite apart from her dancing and
accomplishment revealed—she
nts on the stage, show with an
all her own, idiosyncrasies of
every walk of lite. And only
ess can do that. V. W.

Cicely Courtneidge, as a very active proprietress of a barber's shop which might be described as a land of soap—and gory. A character sketch full of observation tinged with caricature

Numbering from the left Nelson Keys, Being a revue, it is only to be expected that w much of their bear-skins

Cicely Courtneidge in her latest accomplishment. This actress, here seen being thrown about, makes this scene all the more amusing for the reason that much of her "turn" is the genuine thing.

MONTE CARLO FILLING UP

Lady Dunn, the wife of Sir James Dunn, with her little daughter, Anne, in the grounds of their delightful villa at Cap Ferrat. Sir James has been sitting to Mr. Augustus John, the famous R.A.

The Countess of Clancarty strolling in the Casino Gardens. The Riviera is filling up and many well-known people are now enjoying the sunshine on the Côte d'Azur

Lady de Freece and a friend in front of the Casino at Monte Carlo. The former is now happily well again after her protracted illness

Lady McCarthy taking her dogs for an airing. She recently published an amusing book on her life on the Riviera entitled "My Monte Carlo Indiscretions"

The Baroness Palmstierna enjoying the winter sunshine at Monte Carlo with her little daughter

Wills's

Capstan

The value is in the Cigarettes

C.C.326

BY GEORGE HOUGHTON

"THE WHITE LADY OF THE MEDITERRANEAN"

An impression of the Palais de la Mediterranée at Nice at night, when its brilliant flood lighting presents a landmark visible for miles around

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

A BUSINESS TRIP

BY GUY GILPATRIC

EARLY one morning old black Dominique mounted his mule and jogged through the forest along the rain-gutted trail that had once been the Military Road. His mind was troubled, and he rode through the shadows of the trees with his head bowed down upon his great chest.

Every few kilometres the trail led through clearings in which were straggling groups of huts, built of slabs of bark and flattened oil tins. At each of these hamlets Dominique would pick his way between the goats and chickens and naked children wallowing in the mud, and dismount before an open door. "Pardon," he would say, removing his palm-leaf hat, "pardon, but can anyone tell me the date?"

AND invariably no one could tell him the date, because time is not measured in the forest. The neighbours, and finally the entire village, would be called into consultation. The date? Who cared about the date! What difference could the date make to anyone? The night and the day—the warm winter and the hot summer—these, of course, mattered. But the number of the year, the name of the month, the day of the week, were things not worth the reckoning.

Then old black Dominique would bow his thanks, replace his hat with a sweeping gesture of his gorilla arm, climb back on the mule, and jog on his way—head still sunk on breast, and sandals dangling by their thongs from his great toes.

At length he came to the place where the road leads out of the forest into the sunshine and crawls down the hillside through the banana plantations to the feathery sugar-cane fields on the plain. Dominique could see the ocean sparkling in the distance, with here and there a rain squall chasing across it. And he saw the ships in the harbour beyond the little white town. He would have to ride down there to learn the date.

IT was a long time since he had been to the town, but he knew some black men who owned stores, and late that afternoon he sought out one of them. "My friend," said Dominique, after the greetings, "I have ridden thirty kilometres down from the forest to find out the date. What is the date?"

The storekeeper consulted a fly-specked calendar. "The date," he said, "is the eleventh."

"The eleventh of what month?"

"August."

"And the year—what is the year?"

The other told him.

Then the old man reached into his cotton shirt and produced a ragged bit of paper. "Read it—read it aloud—and tell me if it is too old," he asked his storekeeper friend.

"It is written in English," said the latter, frowning. "Do you understand English?"

"Yes—I speak English, but I cannot read it."

"Well, this is a cheque. It says 'Cathedral National Bank of New York. Pay to the order of Jean Baptiste Dominique the sum of One Thousand Dollars.' But the cheque is so old that the signature has been torn off. Where did you get it, Dominique?"

"The man from the States gave it to me four years ago in payment for the trees he cut on my land. He said it was worth a thousand dollars in American money. I have always carried it with me, thinking that I was rich. But the other day the tax collectors came, and when I asked them to take my taxes out of this paper, they said it was old and worthless. That is why I wanted to know the date. Is not money always money?"

"Of course—but this cheque is not good, because the man's name is gone."

"But I know his name—I worked with him for months. His name is Mister Jones. He lives in New York."

The merchant shrugged. "Well, you might take it over to the bank and ask them what to do."

"The bank? That is where they give gold money for papers like this? I shall go to the bank and ask them for the thousand dollars."

He mounted his mule, asked a gendarme where he might find the bank, and located it in a corrugated iron building in front of which sat a negro with a rifle.

"I have a paper," said Dominique, showing his cheque to the guard.

"Then you may go in," replied the other, scanning the cheque and trying to appear as though he knew what it was.

THE old man walked to the grilled window, and bowed to the personage behind it. "They tell me," he said, "that in this place you give gold money for papers such as this," and he presented the cheque.

The teller examined it. "You are Jean Baptiste Dominique?" he asked.

"So I was christened, Monsieur," and the old man bowed again.

"Who gave you this cheque? The signature is torn off."

"The cheque was given me by Mister Jones, who came here four years ago for certain kinds of lumber."

"Oh, I remember Mister Jones. He did business with us. This cheque is on his bank, The Cathedral National of New York. But without the proper signature, we cannot cash it."

"You mean that it is not good?"

"I mean that it is not good unless Mister Jones signs it again. I am sure he has the funds but we cannot honour his cheque without his signature."

Dominique stood for a moment,

Illustrated by T. CUNEO

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fingering the cheque uncertainly. Then he slowly folded it up, tucked it away in his shirt, and said, "Thank you, Monsieur—I will have to think for a while and decide what is best to do." He put on his hat and shuffled through the door.

Next morning when the steamship office opened old black Dominique appeared before the desk. "Is it true," he asked, "that a ship sails for New York to-day, that it takes five days to get there, and that it remains in New York for three days before it starts back?"

"Yes—the Gonaive sails an hour from now, at ten o'clock. It docks in New York on the seventeenth, leaves there at noon of the nineteenth, and gets back here on the twenty-fourth."

"I want to buy a ticket to take me both ways—the very cheapest."

"You want to stay in New York only three days?"

"Yes. I have a business affair in New York which will not take long. Half a day, perhaps. Here is the money for the ticket."

"But you can't go in those clothes. Buy a coat and a pair of shoes."

"Perhaps it would be better. And I will be on the boat at ten o'clock."

"He picked up his club and started for the door

OLD black Dominique was not impressed by the great grey loom of Manhattan as the ship ploughed into the harbour. He had seen mountains that were higher than these buildings, yes, and far more beautiful. Besides, he had come on business, and not to see the sights.

Because he had his return ticket and intended to stay in the United States only three days, he did not have to go to Ellis Island. He left the ship after verifying the sailing time; it would depart at noon the second day following.

He walked slowly up a crowded street, dazed by the turmoil in which he found himself. It was all so strange to a man of the forest.

Under his arm he carried a paper bag of bananas, and in his pocket were sixty dollars in American money, his ticket, and the precious tattered cheque. Eagerly he scanned the thousands of white faces that floated past him—purposeful faces, preoccupied faces, unsympathetic faces, evil faces. He must look at every face, because he must find Mister Jones.

And so he walked for hours, seeing only those clouds of faces. When people jostled him he murmured, "Pardon," but his eyes never left the endless white stream. So many thousands of people. . . It was strange that he had not seen Mister Jones.

At last he became a little frightened. He had never dreamed of so many people. It was impossible to watch the faces on both sides of the street—and there seemed to be hundreds of other streets all as crowded as this one. Perhaps he had better inquire where Mister Jones lived. . . .

Two or three people rebuffed him and hurried on. Several laughed and said nothing. Another said, "Jones? That's my name. What do you want?" And when Dominique haltingly suggested that perhaps Monsieur had a brother or a cousin in the lumber business the man shook his head and walked away. One man said, "Good lord, friend—there are six pages of Joneses in the 'phone book! Are you crazy?" Domininque wondered what he meant.

IT had become night in the sky, now, but the streets were as bright and as crowded as ever. The old black man was suddenly very lonely, and when he thought of the dark, cool stillness of the forest, and the fresh smell of wood-smoke and coffee in his shack in the clearing, queer throbs of yearning swept over him.

His shoes hurt him cruelly, and the lights seared his eyes. He was glad when he came to a shadowy park, where he could lie down under a clump of bushes, take off his shoes, and eat a few bananas. And finally he dozed off into a troubled sleep.

At daylight he awoke. It was agony to put on the shoes, but he had noticed that everyone in the city wore them; he was timid, and dared not attract attention by going barefooted. Lamely he set out again.

He asked hundreds of people if they knew Mister Jones. He accosted several negroes, but they shook their heads and seemed unable to understand his curious broken speech. And as the day wore on his heart became heavier and heavier. He was becoming desperate. He *must* find Mister Jones!

He stopped another negro—a mulatto, rather, and Dominique thought vaguely of the proverb, "Trust a mulatto, but keep your door locked." Still, this man was sympathetic, and sympathy meant much.

Yes, said the mulatto, he knew several men named Jones. Then, to Dominique's joy, he dropped into French and inquired if he was not correct in believing that Monsieur was from the Island?

he passed through it bullets spattered against its marble columns."

A happy meeting indeed! They would go a few blocks to a part of the city where only negroes lived, and the yellow man would furnish refreshment to Monsieur and aid him in his trouble.

They went to a place where one had to knock on the door in a certain way, and Dominique said, "Monsieur, I am very fond of rum. Ask this man if he has a bottle of rum."

They drank, and the mulatto explained that he had served as steward on one of the Antilles Steamship Company's boats, and that he clearly remembered Mister Jones, who had been on several trips. "Let me see this cheque," he asked. He fingered the torn slip and examined it under the light. He poured another drink. "You have not been to the bank with this, have you—to the Cathedral National Bank?"

"No—for what good would that do? I went to the bank at home, and the man said I would have to see Mister Jones and get him to sign the cheque again. Then it would be good."

"That is right. But just let me take this cheque—I can find out where Mister Jones has his office, and I will explain why you want him to sign the cheque again. Wait here for me."

"Thanks, my friend—I will go with you." But when he stood up he swayed unsteadily, and groaned. "My feet are in agony. And there is still some rum in this bottle. I will take off my shoes and await you. Go, my friend!"

He was feeling dizzy and sick. He wilted into his chair and presently he fell into a stupor. He was aroused by a violent shaking and the voice of the negro proprietor. "Gotta git outta hyah, Mistah! Gotta git! Time to close!"

"Yes—I will go. But where is my friend?"

"Ah dunno where yo' friend is—probably outside waitin' for you. Put on yo' shoes now—put 'em on an' git!"

Mumbling drunkenly, old black Dominique tried to force his swollen feet into his shoes, but it was a hopeless task. He gave up in despair and lurched down the stairs in his bare feet. He looked up and down the street for the mulatto, but there was no one in sight. He was deathly sick. He longed for the forest, which he knew was so far away. He crawled into a doorway and went to sleep.

It was day when a negro woman berated him shrilly and routed him out of the doorway with a broom. He apologised thickly in French and broken English, and hobbled across the cart-tracks to the speak-easy where he had been taken by the mulatto.

The proprietor greeted him gruffly. "Say, what you-all want, hangin' round here again this early in the mawnin'?"

"I wait for my friend, the mulatto who took my paper to Mister Jones. I will sit here until he comes, and then I will get the money."

"Well, set here a while if you want to, but this here's a 'spectable place, and we don't want no barefooted furrin niggers hangin' 'round. Where you from, anyway—Africa?"

"I come from the Island."

"Where's that?"

"It is the Caribbean."

"Oh!" And the man went on polishing glasses and arranging bottles behind the bar.

"I am sailing back there at noon to-day," explained Dominique. "My friend will come here with my thousand dollars from Mister Jones, and in five days I will be back in the forest on the mountains."

"You-all talk kind o' queer, nigger. Where you-all gonna git a thousand dollars?"

"My friend will bring them to me here."

"You mean that m'latter boy who brung you here las' night?"

"Yes. Will you tell me the time of the clock, please?"

The negro consulted a mammoth silver watch. "It's twenty minutes after nine. Say—if you-alls gonna set aroun' here all day, mebbe you'd oughta buy a drink an' help pay the rent. How about it?"

"I am very fond of rum. I will drink rum until my friend brings the money."

By ten o'clock old black Dominique had finished a quart of rum. By eleven he was half-way through another. He was muttering to himself, and his eyes were bloodshot and shifty.

"Say," inquired the proprietor, "what time did you-all say yo' boat sails?"

"Midi—that is what you say noon."

"Well, looka here, brother, it's a long way to the dock, and you'd better git started pretty quick. Ah'll git a taxi—you-all's pretty drunk."

"But my friend the mulatto—the thousand dollars—no, I cannot go without them!"

"Well, I'll git you the taxi, brother—yo' drunk."

The man went out to hail a cab, and old black Dominique lurched to his feet. He felt in his pocket for his money. He had been robbed! A slow rage entered into him until it shook his great body like an earthquake. This country—these people—that mulatto—he felt that he could crush them and tear them apart with his bare hands.

"Cab's waitin'," announced the proprietor. "Git along, now, friend. Ah tol' him to take you right to the dock. Less see—you owe me six dollars."

Dominique looked at him with eyes like those of a forest beast. "Sal voleur," he hissed, "espèce du carrion. I shall show you what is a man from the forest."

He brought his fist against his chest with the sound of a drum. Without bending his knees he reached down, seized the brass foot-rail in front of the bar with one hand, and wrenched up a four-foot section as though it were straw. "Bah!" he snarled. "You shall see!"

Brandishing the rail in his hand, he stumbled down the stairs and into the open door of the taxi. One name was whirling in his drunken brain. His face contorted, he rasped, "Cathedral National Bank—go there—allez vite!"

The bank! There were those same little barred windows that he had seen in the bank at home. People seemed to be afraid of him as he staggered across the tiled floor, his bare feet pattering and his brass rail clanking against the pillars. A bulky man in uniform seized him by the arm, and Dominique laughed, pushing him aside. There were shouts and the slamming of doors.

Over in a corner he found a white-haired gentleman in a black coat "Monsieur," said Dominique, "four years ago Mister Jones gave me a paper for a thousand dollars. Last night a mulatto stole the paper. But give me the money—I have travelled five days to get it."

"But, my good man—my good fellow—please don't swing that club."

"Very well, then, give me the money. I want the money. The paper was good for a thousand dollars."

"But, my good man . . ."

"You will not give me my thousand dollars?"

Old black Dominique's eyes narrowed, and he could hear himself breathing. He stood uncertain for a moment, and then his grasp stiffened upon the brass club. Vaguely he saw some men clustering about him; one swing of the club and they were gone. . . . Someone fired at him with a revolver, and he laughed—he was a forest man!

He struggled with another of those grey gendarmes; a pistol went off almost in his ear, but he crushed that writhing grey body in his arms until it dropped limply, like a sack of rags.

The stone floor felt gratefully cool to his blistered feet as he shuffled across to the cages where they kept the money. He bent the bars easily—they were as nothing. He reached over the glass counter to the great pile of bills, all neatly arranged in packages, and filled his pockets. He wished that he could count a thousand, for he was an honest man. But he knew that a thousand were a great many, and when he had filled all his pockets he tore open his collar and stuffed the packages into his shirt.

He felt heavy—bulky. Somewhere a gong was ringing stridently. He picked up his club and started for the door. As he passed through it bullets spattered against the marble columns.

In the street he mowed his way through the crowd with his brass club. The cab was still waiting, and he settled back into the cushions and smiled. He was feeling calm again. He passed a package of yellow bills through the window to the chauffeur. "Start!" he cried. "Drive quickly to the quay of the Antilles Steamship Company—the boat sails at noon."

"You're a smooth worker, black boy—leave it to me," grinned the driver, as they darted down the street.

G. G.

Photographs *L.N.A. and P. and A.*

The White Star liner "Britannic" in an almost tropical setting off Monaco on the Riviera during a winter cruise in the Mediterranean. Very many people are seeking the sunshine and warmth of foreign lands, and, apart from European cruises, large numbers are also going to Ceylon and the West Indies, although India is being left severely alone. Inset are Mr. P. R. Hoare and his bride, Lady Beatrix Hoare (formerly Lady Beatrix Cadogan) on the Andorra Star, in which they are making a 13,000 miles honeymoon trip

"Lucretia is certainly a well-balanced and spirited girl."

"Well, she ought to be. Her father was a tight-rope walker and her mother was a medium!"

* * *

"I must say, James," said the Professor's wife, "that you don't look as well-dressed as you used to do."

"That's strange," said the Professor thoughtfully, "for they are the same clothes."

* * *

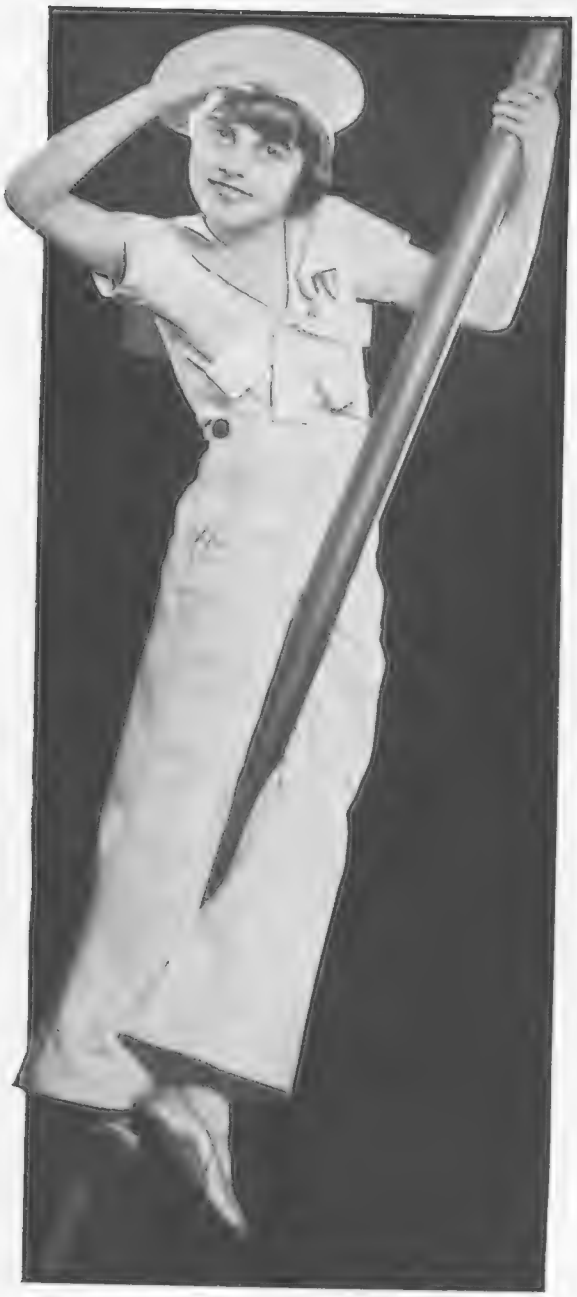
It is alleged that cat skins are now being sold as rabbit skins to be used in the making of imitation beaver.

A BRITISH TALKIE TRIO

Adrienne Allen is a recent convert to the screen and has made a big success in "The Woman Between," a British picture made at Elstree and directed by Miles Mander

Wanda Greville will be seen in a film version of "Potiphar's Wife," now in the course of production at Elstree. She has been seen on the screen in a Rene Clair production.

Molly Lamont is appearing with Leslie Fuller in a new British picture now being made at Elstree entitled "What A Night."



Keystone

Little Olympe Bradna, a six-year-old actress, who is a very popular music hall performer in Paris. She is one of the stars at the Lido

PAGEANTRY, PUNCHE

By Sylvia Lyon

THE other day there were two rival shows in Paris, one thoroughly Parisian, one thoroughly French. The former was the more rare: the reception of a new member of the Académie Française, which cannot happen often, thank goodness, as there are only forty members, and one has to die before another can be admitted. The second was a session of the Chamber of Deputies when a Government fell, and that can happen any old time.

AT the Académie Française, in the Institute's building at the junction of the Quai de Conti and the Quai Malaquais, Paul Valéry, France's foremost poet, author of *Charmes* and *Variétés*, born at Cette in 1871, bachelor, address 40, rue de Villejust, telephone not listed, read the address of welcome to Maréchal Pétain. Valéry, all dressed up in green and gold, has placed his bicorne hat beside him; hats in France only being worn by gentlemen in lifts when ladies are present and by gentlemen seated in the synagogue in the rue de la Victoire.

M. VALÉRY has on one side, beside his hat, M. René Doumic, perpetual secretary of the Académie, director of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, address 10 bis, rue des Pré-aux-Clercs, wife born Mademoiselle de Heredia, daughter of the Cuban poet. On M. Valéry's other side is Duc de la Force, address 55, rue Pierre Charron, telephone Elysées 76-00; member of Jockey Club and Cercle de l'Union; wife, née Marie-Thérèse de Noailles. (These details make the French perfectly furious.) It takes M. Valéry one hour and a half to read his address to Maréchal Pétain. This makes some of his audience furious, too, while some eat it with cream.

THE Marshal rises, wearing his army uniform. Henri-Philippe is his name, and he was born at Cauchy-le-Tour in 1856.

Colonel in 1914, he organised the defence of Verdun in 1916. Said "On les aura," and had them. He was made Marshal of France in 1918; is now Inspector-General of the Army. His wife's name was Hardon, and they live at 6, Square de la Tour Maubourg. Headquarters, 4 bis, Boulevard des Invalides.

HIS reply takes one hour and a half, too, with a eulogy to his predecessor, Maréchal Foch. It is all very emotional and breath-taking. I am not being disrespectful; I am just living up to the journalistic axiom, "Get the facts."

BUT up on the Quai d'Orsay it was all over in a few minutes, technically speaking. Léon Meyer, deputy from the Seine-et-Oise, Minister for Agriculture, and Mayor of Havre, accused Victor Boret, Under-Secretary of Commerce, of having passed remarks that wheat was about to rise, so that in a few days wheat rose higher than any period in the history of wheat. After Meyer's accusation there was a

"The only knock-out was the one delivered to the referee"

AND PRAMS

concentrated bellow, the members of the Government dashed from their bench, a vote was taken, but that took hours, and the corridors were filled with seething throngs. One American visitor, with an over-developed sense of humour, had hysterics upon discovering, painted boldly and officially upon a wall, an appeal for elementary good manners not seen in your House of Commons.

If Parisians produce any more children traffic officers will have to be installed in the playgrounds

By ten o'clock started the customary procession to the Elysées, including Louis Barthou, annoyed that he had missed the session at the Académie Française, and Theodore Steeg, who smiled for the first time known to photographers, saying that this was his thirteenth farewell call upon a President of France.

All in all, the day was tumultuous. At the Salle Wagram Spider Pladner won from Cuthbert Taylor on points. The only knock-out was the one delivered to the referee, Henri Bernstein (not the playwright; that one spells his name Henry), but Henri saw stars all right. Pladner missed Taylor and landed on Bernstein's jaw, and the latter was out for two minutes.

After three years' persuasion on the part of Samuel Goldwyn, Chanel has finally consented to go to Hollywood, at the end of February, for a short period, to teach the stars of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer how to dress and to reform, simplify and generally improve the taste of the studios which Goldwyn can no longer stand himself. It is an extraordinary move, and in the future French audiences, at least, will no longer gaze upon films with supposedly French backgrounds and costuming, with the outraged sensation that America is undertaking propaganda against France and committing a sacrilege against the gods of French taste. On the other hand, La Coco Magnifique will probably have a prolonged headache when she sees a few film stars face to face, dressed as Hollywood Boulevard thinks Parisiennes dress. For Chanel herself is the best-dressed woman in Paris. Lord Castlerosse, please take note for your future lists of best-dressed women.

With the lists of best-dressed women being printed in various English periodicals and newspapers I would suggest the following list of the most chic and the prettiest women in Paris, and who spend the most money on their wardrobes beside Chanel, who does herself very well indeed: The Princesse Marthe Bibesco, The Princesse Sixte de Bourbon-Parme, the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes (let's not fight over her: she *was* French), Madame Martinez de Hoz, Madame Simon Rolo, and Gabrielle Dorziat. That, I think, is a collection which would be very hard to beat.

The Comtesse de Noailles, who has always been news, is with us again. There having been some trouble with the electricity in her house, the Comtesse sent for an electrician, who, against all tenets of French tradition, appeared the same day. When his job was done and the lights functioned again—another blow to French tradition—he left, taking with him as a souvenir of the poet, the poet's fur-lined coat. Comtesse de Noailles has brought suit against the electrician, although he needed only to have been arrested. The party who should be sued is the furrier, for the Comtesse had paid him ten thousand francs for the coat, while the electrician had pawned it for fifty francs!

While French sociologists and economists worry about the fall of the birth-rate, I would suggest that they spend a few mornings in the Tuileries Gardens, the Avenue de Bois, the Parc Monceau, and the lower Champs Elysées. For although the prefect of police hopes to lessen the number of pedestrians run over by motor cars by studding paths at street-crossings with enormous flat nails, and arresting pedestrians who do not tread the narrow path, pedestrians have no protection against the danger of picking their way between the children playing in the parks. If Parisians produce any more children, traffic officers will have to be installed in their playgrounds. A morning walk down town through the Champs Elysées is becoming dangerous, what with trotinettes, velocipedès, hoop-rollers and baby-carriages. Not only that, while in other lands it is not unusual to see twins in one carriage, in France it is not unusual to see a one- a two- and a three-year-old child in one perambulator. Which goes to show, as far as I can see, that the French birth-rate is moving in the wrong direction.

S. L.

Rear-Admiral C. J. Colebrooke and some of his staff with the Portuguese naval officers outside the Palace Hotel, Estoril. The photograph was taken after a luncheon given there in honour of the Fleet

EAST IS EAST AND WEST IS BEST

Photographs *Topical and Central News*

In winter time Devon and Cornwall afford a welcome contrast to the cold, depressing conditions which are all too conspicuous in other parts of the country, and the Cornish Riviera Express, one of the most comfortable of English trains, daily transports visitors from the murk of London to warmth and sunshine. The top photograph shows the sea front at Newquay, the popular Cornish resort noted for the warmth of its winter sunshine, whilst in the lower photograph is seen the picturesque St. Agnes Beach looking towards Perranporth on the north Cornish coast. Inset winter bathers are seen enjoying a dip at Torquay

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

BLOODY RUSSIA — By "Junius"

WE have had books on the Russian Revolution written from every point of view. But until now we have had no personal knowledge of its effect upon the Imperial family beyond the newspaper accounts of the horrors and torments they endured. Of their point of view we know nothing. For this reason *Things I Remember* (Cassell: 21s.), by the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, is an historical document.

Like that startling novel, *Monks and Women*, by Kallinikov, it shows us both Czarist and Soviet Russia.

THE Grand Duchess Marie Paulovna was the daughter of the Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Paul, and sister of the Grand Duke Dimitri, who played so big a part in the killing of Rasputin at the Yussopoff Palace. He and Prince Yussopoff were inspired by the highest patriotic motives. But, as the Grand Duchess says, they were too late, and their act of patriotism actually precipitated the tragedy which followed.

The brother and sister were particular favourites of their cousin, the Czar Nicholas. He regarded Dimitri as a son. Their mother was a Greek Princess—a sister of King "Tino." She died at Dimitri's birth.

SOME years ago there was an outburst of memoirs from Royal princesses—actually written, I believe, from their voluble outpourings, by a lady who then lived in Belgrave Square. Each one of these memoirs dilated on the restrictions, the dreariness and domestic tyranny which surrounded the lives of princesses in certain foreign Courts. But, as each of these Royal ladies had thrown her bonnet over the windmill and caused a European scandal, their succeeding history left the impression that these were merely excuses for the bonnet-throwing, not the cause. The Grand Duchess Marie proves the contrary.

SHE tells us that to be prepared for her future position throughout her childhood she was "held mentally at least, and for the most part actually, always within the four walls of our various palaces. . . An exaggerated submission was required of me. I was deprived of all freedom of action, my every expression of will or independence was at once suppressed."

The Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, the author of "Things I Remember" (Cassell, 21s.), reviewed in this article

The Grand Duke Dimitri, brother of the Grand Duchess Marie. The likeness to our Prince George is very marked

HER father, the Grand Duke Paul, committed an unforgivable sin. He made a morganatic marriage. In consequence he was deprived of his two children and banished from Russia by his nephew, the Czar. All his property was sequestrated. The boy and girl were placed in charge of his brother, the Grand Duke Serge, who was Governor-General of Moscow, and his wife, the Archduchess Elizabeth, sister of the Czarina. The sisters were granddaughters of Queen Victoria. The children were brought up at the Kremlin at Moscow. Here, the Grand Duchess says pathetically, "As a child I enjoyed no real family life and in consequence have never been able to comprehend the meaning and true value of a home."

EVEN as a child, in spite of the seclusion in which she lived, she had a premonition of the future. "Some curious instinct," she says, "warned me at that early age that the life we were leading, the very principle by which it was governed, were somehow out of balance as a whole and could not last. Outside, and all around us, I could feel brooding feelings and tendencies of which we knew nothing."

THE Imperial Family knew nothing, realised nothing of the "brooding feelings and tendencies." They were above and apart from the life of Russia. As the Archduchess says, "The Emperor . . . was to some extent a god; and his family shared in this deification. . . . True, we were of the family of the immortals, and no merely human flaw, discovered, was ever forgiven us."

A year or so before the Russo-Japanese War the Archduchess remembered trying one day to button her own boots, sitting on the nursery floor. "In case of a revolution I had to know how to look after myself." The writing was already upon the wall. Its first letters were in the blood of the Grand Duke Serge, who was blown to pieces in his carriage by a bomb.

THE Grand Duchess and her brother Dimitri saw the fragments of their uncle's body, covered by soldiers' coats, lying on a stretcher with their aunt kneeling beside it, her dress and hands splashed with blood. "At one end, a boot protruded casually from the coverings. Drops of blood fell on the floor, slowly forming a small dark pool."

This was her first experience of the actuality of those "brooding feelings and

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY

Another illustration from "Things I Remember," by the Grand Duchess Marie, showing the Emperor, the Czarevitch, and the four Grand Duchesses visiting a Cossack Regiment

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued)

tendencies" which fourteen years later brought the Czar and Czarina and their children to the ghastly shambles in the cellar of the Governor' house at Ekateringburg; which caused her aunt, the Grand Duchess Serge, her morganatic step-brother Volodia Palez, and other members of her family, to be thrown down a disused mineshaft near a Siberian town, and there shot at and stoned. "Some were killed at once; others lived for days and died partly of wounds, partly of starvation.' Her father, the Grand Duke Paul, sick and ailing, scarcely able to stand, was shot in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul at Petrograd.

WHEN she was eighteen the Grand Duchess was told by her aunt that she was to be married to the King of Sweden's second son, Prince William. "All had been arranged for me," she says. "I was helpless.' The marriage was not a success, and six years later it was annulled. The son of the union, Prince Lennart, has recently become engaged to the daughter of a rich Swedish industriel.

At the outbreak of the War the Grand Duchess was in Russia. She went through a course of nursing and ultimately ran a hospital close to the front, where her feet were frost-bitten and where the store of india-rubber gloves for operations gave out.

She makes no complaint in her vivid account of the debacle, and the splintering to pieces of the great Russian machine of government. But out of this repression one fact—not generally known, I think—stands clearly.

THE whole Romanov family saw the danger threatening the dynasty. Only the Czar and Czarina were deaf and blind. To the family the Czar was sacrosanct, the disposer of their lives and fortunes. One after the other, in face of the threatening danger, they broke through the family tradition of centuries. They dared his displeasure and told him the truth. Dominated by the Czarina, "unbalanced, sick," and obsessed by Rasputin's power of healing the ever-ailing Czarevitch, he refused to listen.

THE Grand Duchess's escape from Russia with her second husband, Prince Serge Putiatin, reads like an incident in a thriller. But it was horribly true. For the rest of the story you must read her book, which will be talked about everywhere because it lifts the veil from so much that was unknown.

PERSONALLY, I have my doubts as to whether such a shrew as Mrs. C. N. Williamson's heroine in *Honeymoon Hate* (Chapman and Hall, 7*s.* 6*d.*) exists in these days, even amongst the daughters of American millionaires. However, Mrs. Williamson has made Gail Grant one of the most objectionable young females I have ever encountered in fiction. I can't see a single redeeming feature except her looks, and those you feel she doesn't deserve to possess. Likewise, she doesn't deserve such a husband as Prince Dantarini, the Venetian nobleman fallen upon evil times. However, she gets him and he proceeds upon a taming process which takes months. You know Mrs. Williamson s style It is attractive and exactly suited to the cosmopolitan world in which she places her characters.

Lafayette

Mrs. C. N. Williamson, whose latest novel, "Honeymoon Hate," is reviewed on this page

Our feature, "Books and Authors," one of the oldest in "The Bystander," is written this week by "Junius." The "new hand" is also an old hand so far as this paper is concerned and a well-known literary man, and under this pseudonyn he will review week by week all that is best—and sometimes, perhaps, worst—in the world of books.

A portrait of Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham, painted by Mr. Edward Wolfe, on view at an exhibition of his works held under the auspices of the London Artists' Association at 92, New Bond Street, W.1

WE English have an inherent repulsion against what is called "a touch of the tar brush." Therefore, being English, we make life difficult for the offspring of our fellow-countrymen and "coloured" mothers, be they yellow black or brown, especially in the regions in which the children are born.

THE scene of the first book, *In the Hag's Hands* (Werner Laurie, 7*s* 6*d*), by Cecil Champain Lowis is laid in Burmah, and tells of the consequences of a youthful affaire between Austin Fairholt, an Indian Civil Servant at a lonely station, and a Burmese girl. Fairholt is transferred to India, marries, and has a daughter. Years after he goes back to Burmah as Commissioner, and out of the blue is faced with the fact that he is the father of a grown-up half-caste daughter. The way in which the discovery is made is subtly done. But when he is faced with the possible scandal Mr. Lowis calls in the aid of dysentery and the half-caste daughter dies. The book is vivid with local colour, and the only criticism I would make is that Mr. Lowis insists so constantly on the physical appearance of Austin Fairholt that one is left in doubt whether it is done in admiration or mockery

THE second book on the colour ban *Wine Harvest* (Collins), by Norman Giles, takes you to a very different atmosphere—the Dutch African wine farms at the Cape. This story centres round an Afrikander girl, Aletta, and two Englishmen, Morton and Bryant, who are struggling to make a success of a farm in a district wholly Dutch. The life on the farm has varied vicissitudes which one understands because Mr. Giles writes with a full knowledge. But his details are engrossing. The motif of the story is that because her brother has had a dark baby Aletta forswears matrimony. The whole neighbourhood is convinced that a Hottentot ancestress lies concealed in her family's pedigree. So she gives up a profitable position and returns to her father's farm to devote herself to growing apricots and old maidenhood.

BUT fate and Mr. Giles ordain otherwise. Bryant, the younger of the two partners, falls in love with her—and not pour le bon motif She repulses him. And then she and Morton fall in love. But although he is quite willing to take the risk of coloured offspring, she refuses to marry him. The situation looks like an impasse, when it is discovered that the dark strain comes from Aletta's sister-in-law, who had belonged to a family which prided itself on its untarnished whiteness.

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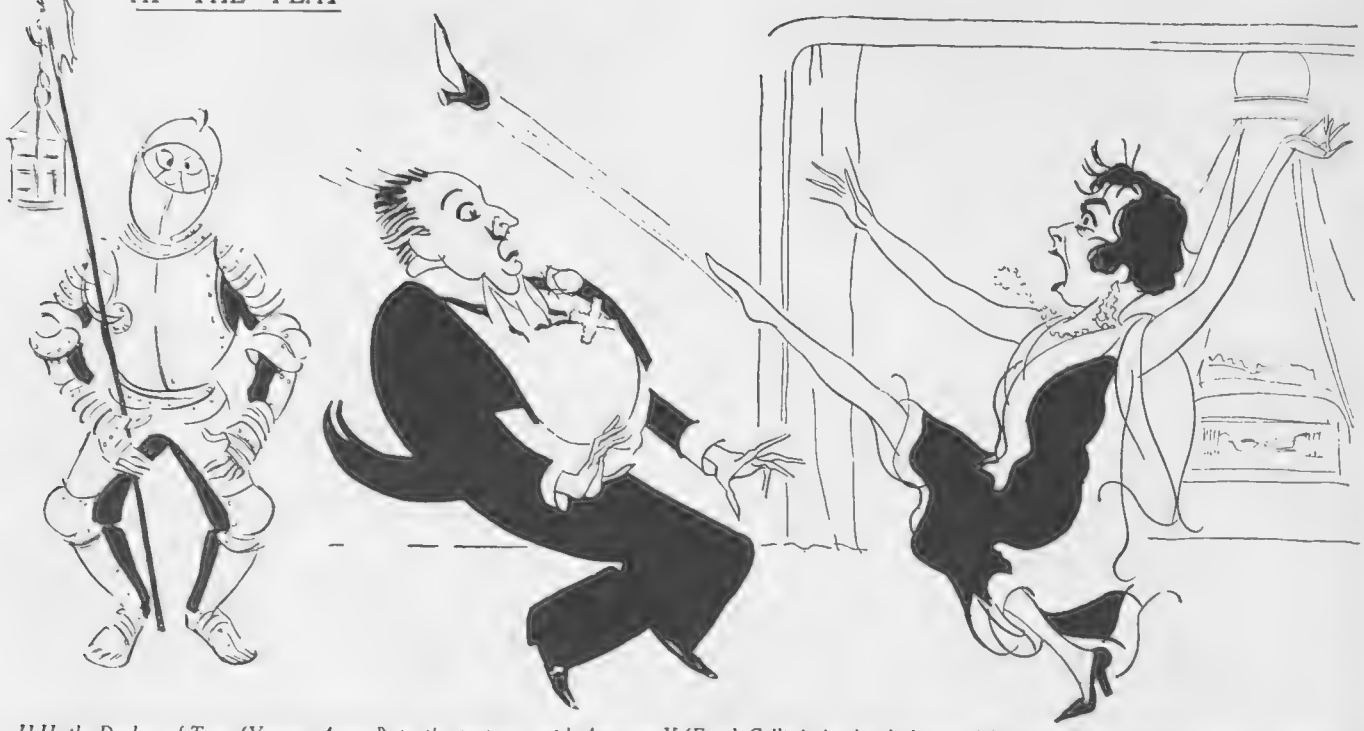
AT THE PLAY



H.H. the Duchess of Tann (Yvonne Arnaud) in the tantrums with Augustus X (Frank Cellier), her kingly lover, while another less kingly, Senator Corcoran (Hartley Power), finds shelter in a convenient suit of armour

A SMACK AT AMERICA

By Vernon Woodhouse

"The Improper Duchess," at the Globe Theatre

JAMES B. FAGAN'S new comedy, *The Improper Duchess*, is more than up to date, for it deals with the future, when Washington (D.C., U.S.A.) is visited by Augustus X, King of Poldavia, a royal commercial traveller, who has oil concessions to sell and presumably brings with him samples of his goods.

BUT the goods he brings do not consist only of oil; For H.H. the Duchess of Tann, his companion on the trip, is indubitably the goods of quite another kidney. She is the wife of the King's Chancellor, and the King finds her most useful in—conducting negotiations!

VISITING the lady in her bedroom one night, obviously for the purpose of discussing business, the King is so delighted at the big price they are extorting from the Yankees that, clad in his pyjamas, he executes a pas-seul while the Duchess, in bed, beats time on the eiderdown.

NOW in a moral country like America, "where they shoot as freely as they spit," it is illegal for a man and woman to be found in the same bedroom unless legally joined together; and, as luck will have it, the King's pyjama-clad elation was interrupted by the appearance of Bernard Corcoran, a Senator, and the Rev. Adam B. Macadam, a Nonconformist minister with a nasty nose for "goings-on" and a character as hard as the roads of the same name.

THE Senator himself also owns oil concessions and dislikes the idea of a European deal, which naturally causes him to take a still more jaundiced view of the royal behaviour. Thus he is only too glad to join with the Reverend in setting the Washington law in motion to have the King and Duchess kicked out of the Paradise Hotel, where they occupy a suite, bag and "baggage." Respect for the law—as witness the Volstead Act—is ingrained in the American nation.

BUT Mr. Corcoran, though a Senator, is also a Man, and given the opportunity to become more closely acquainted with the Duchess, he spends the night in her bedroom, where he doubtless occupied his time in having a talk with the lady and discovering her business ability. Anyway, her persuasive powers induce him to hold his tongue, while the Nonconformist parson is also won over when he learns that the price of his silence will be purchased at the cost of two million dollars for the building of a church ("Don't cast a stone, lay it"), a presbytery and a

Myrom B. Garcia (Andrea Melandrino) proprietor of the Paradise Hotel, Washington, devastated by the dulcet tones of Gunning (Winifred Oughton), a singing lady's maid

SKETCHES OF "THE IMPROPER DUCHESS," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

stipend for himself, and all to add to the glory of God! Which delights the heart of Nonconformity!

THAT, in brief, is the main outline of Mr. Fagan's story, told with a delightful mixture of wit and satire and with a number of well-contrasted characters, among whom the King and the Duchess, the Senator and the Minister, stand out prominently. Frank Cellier as the Royal Bagman gives us a clever character sketch, about as good a piece of acting as one could wish to see. Hartley Power makes much of the Senator, authoritative and incisive, while John Laurie, the minister, made of him an effective modern Solomon Eagle—an American Eagle, naturally.

BUT the play, clever and amusing as it is, stands or falls upon the actress who plays the Duchess. In the hands of Yvonne Arnaud it stands. Palpably the part was written to her measure, and I have seen her acting criticised because, in other parts, she has given performances on the same lines. Personally, I wish for nothing better. Her range may be circumscribed, but within that range there is no one on the stage who can give more unalloyed delight.

"Blue Roses," at the Gaiety

FROM the moment the curtain rises, discovering I don't know how many girl guests at a party all dressed exactly alike, one realises that this musical comedy will also be exactly like other musical shows given lately at the Gaiety. In other words, it is the mixture as before; and while Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino are resting on their laurels and preparing the next Gaiety show, the stage is occupied by George Clarke as principal comedian, with Jean Colin, Roy Royston and Rita Page aiding and abetting. My own personal enjoyment, however, lies in watching the vacant idiocies of Kenneth Kove, an actor of parts, or, at least, one part, who never fails to be funny. One day some musical comedy concocter will realise that here is a comedian who can carry an evening's entertainment on his own frail shoulders, and when Kenneth Kove gets this big chance I feel sure he will take it.

"Hawk Island," at the Comedy Theatre

THRILLER follows thriller as fast as the Tube trains on the Underground. "Hawk Island," by Howard Irving Young, admirably produced by Sewell Collins, differs, however, from most, in that it places but little strain on one's credulity. In addition to being very brightly written—there are lots of legitimate laughs in it—this story of a pretended murder which becomes a real one, and thus puts the practical joker in peril, is really interesting. I guessed straight away that the supposed murder in the first act was not a murder at all, for the reason that Edgar Norfolk is too good an actor thus to depart so quickly from the scene. I also guessed who would be the real murderer for somewhat similar reasons, but, unlike most thrillers, the audience are let into this secret, for we see the murder committed.

YOUNG Hugh Williams, who plays the practical joker, gives a very clever performance, while others who secure thrills and laughs are Henry Hewitt, Ivor Barnard, a sort of anæmic Edgar Wallace, Cyril Raymond and Herbert Ross. The women have not many chances, but Minnie Blagden, as a philandering wife, showed that she can "register" effective terror. V. W.

H.H. the Duchess of Tann (Yvonne Arnaud), Victorious Venus, with her victims, and saviour of a kingly scandal which would have rocked moral America to its foundations

H.H. the Duchess of Tann (Yvonne Arnaud) tries a little vamping on Senator Corcoran (Hartley Power), an easy victim, and the Rev. Adam Macadam (John Laurie), who ultimately falls for pelf but not for passion

THE COLLECTOR

OLD WORK-BOXES

By N. G. L.

THE other day my advice was asked on what to collect that would be inexpensive, attractive and useful. Without hesitation I answered: "Old work-boxes. They are of so many pleasing forms and sizes, and they can still be picked up for a small price, and are for the most part in sufficiently good condition to be of use."

To me there is something fascinating about opening an old work-box, something so intimate that one feels almost conscious of peering into some chapter of a life lived in past days. The very lifting of the lid seems to reveal secrets of those bygone times when the work-box was not only the receptacle for reels of silk and cotton, for scissors, thimble, needles and pins, but often the hiding place of a love-letter or a withered flower once gathered in the garden of love's young dream.

IT is a far cry to turn back to the Odyssey for our first description, but it is surely of great interest to read that "the wife of Polybus who dwelt in Thebes . . . bestowed on Helen lovely gifts; a golden distaff did she give and a silver basket with wheels beneath and the rims thereof were finished with gold. This it was the handmaid Phylo bare and set beside her filled with dressed yarn, and across it was laid a distaff charged with wool of violet blue. . . ." A charming picture indeed. And in the British Museum one may see a specimen of such a basket on wheels, considered to be of the same type as the one just described; but it is quite small, and would not be capable of holding much in the way of "dressed yarn."

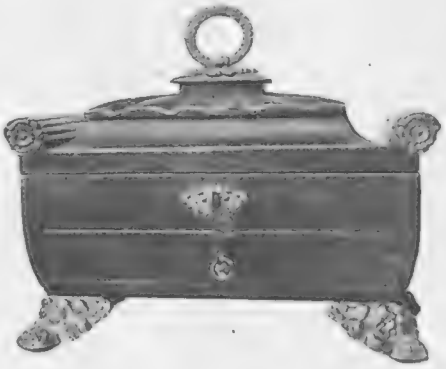
AND now I take a long stride towards a more modern epoch, to the reign of our English Charles II, when ladies kept their needlework in open shallow baskets. The base of the basket was made of thin wood covered with figured satin or silk, on which was embroidered a design of flowers or figures. The sides of the basket were formed of a sort of trellis of wires on which beads in every imaginable colour were strung. These baskets are seldom met with; their fragile construction was not conducive to longevity. And now when one comes up for sale it fetches a very big sum.

THE baskets were superseded by the Jacobean work-boxes, the beautiful "stump-work" boxes with their quaint figures of kings, queens, flowers, animals and insects. These boxes, with their little compartments and drawers, must have been intended to be the strongholds of things more treasured than the mere accessories of needlework with which they were lavishly furnished.

THE Georgian work-box was made of leather, satinwood, or some fruit wood, finely decorated with painting or the paper work of a later period. The forms of the boxes reflected that of the furniture of the same date, as these work-boxes were kept in the drawing-rooms where the women of the time plied their needles for many hours in the day, skilled needlework being reckoned as among the important feminine "accomplishments." Their little daughters were trained at a very early age to sew, and had their little boxes in every way the replicas of those used by their elders. I have seen recently one such little box—made of light wood with an inlay pattern of green designed on the lid—with its small compartments fitted with requisites for some tiny worker who had probably come by it as the reward of application and industry; for on a paper medallion inside the lid there is the record that it was "Presented as a mark of approbation by Mrs. Reven, June, 1812." In those days of greater leisure there was time for the neat assigning of silks, threads, etc., to their own compartments. And now a brief description of the one or two Georgian work-boxes.

An attractively painted work-box with flowers painted on the sides

The lid of the work-box seen above showing two female figures in the costumes of the period



A sarcophagus-shaped work-box of the Regency period with elaborately designed feet

A Georgian work-box of artistic design and containing a nest of little drawers perfectly arranged

FIRST a cabinet, 10 to 12 inches high, with lifting top, and doors opening to disclose three or four drawers. These were covered with finely tooled leather, or backs of books concealed the drawers, giving the effect of a miniature bookcase. But the top being lifted, a work-box was disclosed. The drawers might hold a variety of things, as, for instance, a paint-box.

Another early form was made of satinwood decorated with finely painted bunches or garlands of flowers, having a handle over the top and a drawer furnished with an ivory knob.

Work-boxes of the Regency period had more elaborate feet and handles, and were often sarcophagus shaped. They were sometimes lined with velvet of delicate colouring, and an envelope or bag was fitted inside the lid to hold paper patterns for embroidery or beadwork.

THE smallest work-box I have ever seen was four inches long, was made of tortoiseshell, and had a place for a tiny thimble, scissors, and a few reels. It was lined with red satin.

Victorian fashions brought in rosewood boxes, some of them inlaid with mother o' pearl or papier mâché. But gradually they became heavy in design and far from beautiful. One remains in my mind that was lined with tartan velvet and fitted with two silver-topped inkpots!

BUT it is the Georgian work-box that I set out to praise. They are indeed worthy of a prominent place upon our tables—when we can claim them as a legacy from a great-grandmother, or have the luck to "pick one up" in our search for treasures of past days.

N. G. L.

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FLYING NOTES

Sport and General

High-speed machines anchored on the Solent prior to the last Schneider Trophy race, a scene which will, after all, be re-enacted next September

THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY—DESPITE MR. MACDONALD!

BY CAPT. C. E. WARD

The Government Bows to Public Opinion

SUPPORT for the defence of the Schneider Trophy came from an unexpected source at the eleventh hour, thus adding to the humiliation which the Government must feel over its unsportsmanlike attitude. No less a person than Lady Houston has guaranteed to meet all expenses not covered by the amount raised by the Royal Aero Club. This is the third occasion on which Lady Houston has shown up a Socialist blunder by her timely intervention on the losing side, and our grateful thanks are due to her as a patroness of aviation. In case attempts are made to exploit her offer, it should be clearly understood that the Government ought to pay for the machines and engines required, as these are of no value to anyone after the race except the Royal Air Force. Additional money will be required to supplement that guaranteed by the Club for the purpose of general expenses, and in this way Lady Houston's help will be most appreciated. It is the custom and privilege of the occasion that we should act as hosts to the challengers, and it will be no light task to equal the hospitality extended to our team on the Lido in 1927. The goodwill of the Air Ministry, the Royal Air Force and the Aircraft Industry being taken for granted, it remains for the general public, by their continuous interest in preparations for the race, to create a feeling of optimism so that we are ready in good time. Next week I hope to give some forecast of our chances and the machines to be used.

Mr. H. F. Broadbent filling a veteran Genet-engined Avro-Avian with Mobiloil prior to winning the New South Wales Aerial Derby, one of its many successes

The First Meet of the Season

THE flying season was opened, unofficially, at Brooklands, through the enterprise of the Club and the School, when the Indian delegates were treated to an exhibition of flying and an inspection of the work being carried out by Vickers and the Hawker Engineering Company. The quality of the flying was first class, and gained in spectacular effect from the strong wind, which enabled some machines to hover, and others, notably the Hawker Hart, to proceed downstream at something like 250 miles an hour. Mr. George Murray enlivened the proceedings with a particularly good display on the fresh-air-type Moth, whilst Captain Broad demonstrated a Puss Moth, showing that a cabin machine has few, if any, limitations for those aerobatically inclined. Mr. S. A. Thorn flew the Avian Sports, Mr. Lowdell the Hermes Widgeon, and Lt.-Col. Strange the three-seater Spartan. The Sara Cloud amphibian was much admired, this being the machine used by the Prince of Wales when visiting the Dornier DO.X a few months ago. Scarfs, fur gloves, Canadian overcoats and blue noses were de rigueur, and hospitality was dispensed in true Brooklands style by Captain Burney, Secretary of the Aero Club, and by the officials of the School. Several of the Eastern potentates made flights during the afternoon, and none of them could fail to be impressed by the high standard of piloting and the variety of machines which one is accustomed to see in this country. There is no such thing as "airmindedness" in India at the present time, but a vast potential market lies dormant in that country, awaiting the pioneers who have the courage and the money to make a start.

From Cabbage Patch to Airport

AN interesting book is available concerning Heston, the growth of which from a collection of fields to a fully equipped airport in a little over a year is one of the best examples of private enterprise that I can recall. That Heston was a necessity has been proved by the popularity which it enjoys as a flying school, a demonstration aerodrome and a garage and service station for private owners. In a foreword to the book the directors welcome visitors who wish to investigate this flying business, whether their present feelings are friendly or hostile. Interested readers can obtain a copy from Airwork, Ltd., by mentioning THE BYSTANDER. The flying club formed by the Household Brigade has its headquarters at Heston, 17 machines owned by members being housed there. A Spartan Arrow has been bought for general club use. The Moths attached to the "Airwork" School are being fitted with Gipsy II engines, and, in common with the Avians, now ride on airwheels.

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *by Lenare*

COATS THAT WILL PLEASE

They have a slimming effect on the figure. They owe their origin to Burberrys, in the Haymarket. The weather-proof on the left is built of a fine worsted, and is lined with Urber silk, while the one on the right is of tweed that has been specially woven for this firm. It shades by slow degrees from natural to deep brown

GOLF SUITS and TAILOR-MADES

Simplicity is the salient feature of this tennis frock. It owes its origin to Walpole Bros., and is expressed in white washing crêpe de Chine piped with green, the buttons and buckle being of pearl

The Return of the Tailored Suit

THE true tailored suit has been under a cloud recently. Now it is returning to favour. It is carried out in a variety of wool fabrics, including suitings and tweeds. In order that a slender silhouette be maintained, there is usually a cleverly cut hip yoke, below which groups of pleats are introduced. Sometimes a slight flare is present in the coats, and link fastenings take the place of buttons. A revival is a black and white check skirt in alliance with a black coat, the scheme being completed with a white silk pique waistcoat. Coats inspired by a man's dinner jacket are looked on with favour. An attempt is being made to create a vogue for lace and lawn neckwear; whether it will succeed it is impossible to say. Jumpers are at the moment finished with a narrow band of, it may be, piqué or lawn. Scarves are well represented; they are draped round the décolletage.

The Importance of Detail

AND now about the blouses that will be worn with the tailleur. There is the model with short sleeves, a raglan shoulder, and carefully fitted yoke. Again, there is the double-breasted affair with neat revers, the buttons being as large as half a crown, and there are others entirely covered with tiny tucks, and down the centre of the front a row of the smallest pearl buttons imaginable appear. Wool which has been woven to suggest lace is being used for blouses as well as for scarves and berets.

Wrap-round Pyjama Trousers

IT takes a long time to remove the old name of "pyjama" from the up-to-date lounge suits that are of absorbing interest. Quite the latest idea with regard to the same are the wrap-round trousers that fasten at the back. The legs are tight-fitting to the knees, then are introduced inverted godets which fall apart; it is a novel variation on the box-pleated theme. In conjunction with these are more often than not seen horizontally striped sweaters. Sometimes short and sometimes long coats complete the schemes. Another idea is for the entire ensemble to be expressed in satin.

Simple Frocks

THE requirements of the tennis enthusiast are always carefully considered at Walpole Brothers, 89, New Bond Street, Kensington High Street, and Sloane Street. To them must be given the credit of the white washing crêpe de Chine dress illustrated on this page; it is piped with green, the buckle and buttons being of pearl. Although it fits perfectly over the hips, the pleats are so arranged that the movements of the wearer are never handicapped, and one can become the possessor of it for 59*s.* 6*d.* Particularly useful are the British crêpe sleeveless dresses for 79*s.* 6*d.*; they have an all-over design, and as a consequence they do not easily become soiled. No one could fail to be delighted with the silk piqué frocks for five guineas; they have short set-in sleeves and hip yokes; they are available in all the fashionable pastel shades. There is a variety of voiles with organdi collars and cuffs for 39*s.* 6*d.*

For When it Rains

ELVERY, 31, Conduit Street, W., are nothing if not practical; they are to be warmly congratulated on the golf suit on the right of this page. It is made of green waterproof silk and can be slipped on in the fraction of a second over the ordinary tailor-made. As will be seen, the skirt buttons at the side, and the collar may be smartly buttoned up to the neck or turned down. When not in use it can be stored away in an envelope bag. Complete with bag, this suit is 4½ guineas. Specially designed for the point-to-point races are the double-breasted Indiana coats; they are guaranteed waterproof, and are £5 5*s.*

Perfectly practical is this waterproof silk golf suit from Elvery's. It can be slipped on in the fraction of a second over an ordinary tailor-made. The collar is adjustable and the pockets are capacious

WITH THREE FAMOUS HUNTS

Lady Helena Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, the youngest daughter of Earl Fitzwilliam, at the Hunt Ball meet of the Quorn at Melton Mowbray

L.N.A.

Lady Irene Cubitt at a recent meet of the Bicester at Fringford Bridge. She is the elder daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness Camden

Central Press

The Duke of Gloucester arriving for a meet of the Quorn. It was held at Wyneswold, Leicestershire

L.N.A.

Lord Mountgarret, the Master of the York and Anstey (North) at Ingerthorpe Grange, near Ripon

Topical

CHELSEA BLOW UP THE ARSENAL

Bishop scoring Chelsea's first goal in the Cup Tie at Stamford Bridge against Arsenal, the Cup holders, after only four minutes' play

The Duck that got the bird! An Arsenal supporter, all dressed up for the occasion, with the Duck mascot which sang the Arsenal's swan song

"Heads, I win": Parker, one of the Arsenal backs, in a Nijinsky-like leap to head the ball away from his goal whilst Harper, the goalkeeper, stands ready to come to the rescue if he misses

Chelsea this year has made professional football quite a social event at Stamford Bridge, and many Society people have turned out to watch the "Pensioners" in action. Their match against the Arsenal proved much more thrilling than any prize-fight—and lasted considerably longer!

A little frenzied football during the Chelsea-Arsenal Cup Tie which Chelsea won by two goals to one. Mills, the Chelsea forward, who scored the second goal, takes a wild leap at the ball whilst the Arsenal goalkeeper, prone on the ground, achieves the somewhat miraculous feat of clearing the ball whilst avoiding a kick on the head

Photographs by Keystone, Central News, and Sport and General

MOTOR NOTES

Mr. Donald Healey, who won the Monte Carlo Rally on the British Sports Invicta from 148 competitors representing nine different nations. In addition to winning the Rally outright and a prize of Frs. 50,000, Mr. Healey on the Invicta won the Monaco Cup for the fastest time in the Monte Carlo Hill Climb, irrespective of class; also he broke his class record on the Hill Climb. Mr. V. E. Leverett on the Riley won the Riviera Cup for cars under 1,100 c.c., and also broke the Class record in the Hill Climb. In the body section Mr. S. C. H. Davies won the Grand Prix of Honour with an Armstrong Siddeley. The result was a triumph for British cars and has enormously increased the prestige of British cars on Continent

CHEAPEN INSURANCE COSTS

By E. M. Wright

OF all the items in the motorist's budget two only remain at the same high level at which they stood ten years ago—tax and insurance. The hundred-pound car is no longer a dream; it is actually in production. And throughout the range, from the baby car to the luxury saloon, prices in the last few years have steadily fallen. The motor industry has strained every nerve to achieve economical production. Tyres and other accessories have followed suit. Were it not for taxes and insurance the cost of buying and running a car to-day would be less than half the minimum possible five years ago. Yet the tax continues at the same exorbitantly high level at which it was fixed when it was first introduced in 1921, and insurance premiums have actually risen, particularly on the smaller type of car owned by the man who can least afford the extra burden. Far from there being any hope of reduction in premiums, an insurance broker informs me, the whole tendency of recent years has been towards still further increases.

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WITH the introduction of compulsory third-party insurance the Government has given new business to the insurance companies, but not in order to increase their opportunities of fleecing the unhappy motorists. We could do nothing to make our voice heard, even when insurance was purely voluntary. To-day, we are even more helpless. We *must* insure; and apparently we must insure on terms and at rates fixed by organisations responsible to no one but themselves. If the Government compels motorists to insure it is surely only fair that they should also give facilities for obtaining cover at reasonable rates. The Ministry of Transport should itself inaugurate an Insurance Department, fixing the lowest possible rates which would give a fair return on the risk.

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THIS is no Socialist panacea. Rather is it the quintessence of individualistic competition. For the knowledge that cover could be obtained from a Government insurance department at such-and-such a rate would compel private insurance companies to bring their own premiums down to the same level. An essential feature of such a scheme, too, would be close examination of all applications for cover, even from motorists whom ordinary private companies are at present loth to accept. No motorist should be refused cover without a fair hearing of his case by some independent referee, and no motorist need be at the mercy of irresponsible bodies who, as the law stands to-day, have it within their power to decide whether a man shall drive at all.

***

ACTION is called for. For the increases in premium rates during the past few years, and for the threats of still further increases in the future, there is no justification whatever. Since 1925 the proportion of non-fatal accidents to cars on the road has scarcely varied at all. It has hovered between 53 and 55 per thousand vehicles licensed. The proportion of fatal accidents during the

Mr. Kaye Don, the racing motorist, who will make an attack on the world's motor boat speed record in Lord Wakefield's "Miss England II," beside the new Singer model which he has designed in conjunction with the company's artist-engineer. Known as the "Kaye Don Singer Six," it is priced at £480

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page i)

same period has varied by less than one-half per thousand. And 1929, the last year for which figures are available, showed the smallest increase in street accidents since the War! Motorists might justly have claimed a considerable reduction in premiums at any time during the past five years. Their case is infinitely stronger to-day, since third-party insurance has been made compulsory.

* *
*

THE insurance companies belittle the extent and value of the new business they have received. It amounts, they assert, to less than five per cent., and most of it is "bad." But what are the facts? It is impossible to believe that previous to the new Act 95 per cent. of all the motor cars and cycles on the road were insured. Far more likely is it that thousands of vehicles are not yet insured—have never been insured, or are at present laid up uninsured until the coming of the spring.

* *
*

ALWAYS in the first quarter of the year large numbers of cars are laid up to save a quarter's tax, and the probability is that with the introduction of compulsory insurance the number this year is larger than ever. For the man who finds a whole year's tax too heavy a burden will be even more likely to forgo motoring for a time when in addition to the tax he is compelled to pay insurance. It is this type of motorist, too, who is most likely to be uninsured. And from the mere fact that he is uninsured and has had to bear the full cost of any damage to the car the probabilities are that he is exceptionally careful. The gloomy tales that are told of the big proportion of bad risks are but empty excuses put forward by the companies to explain the present unduly high premiums charged.

Big Chief White Horse Eagle, the hundred and eight year-old Red Indian chief of no fewer than five hundred tribes, who is a regular visitor to England. He is seen beside the Vauxhall car he uses in this country

* *
*

AGAIN, tens of thousands of motorists licensed their cars a few days before the New Year, and before it was necessary to produce a certificate of insurance. Thousands of them are not only uninsured, but, despite the storms of controversy which have racked the heavens for months past, are still unaware of their new obligations, and are at this moment driving cars without insurance.

* *
*

FIVE per cent.! By the end of the present quarter that ratio will have increased three, or perhaps four, times, and the bad risks of which the insurance companies make so much will have been swamped by thousands of new risks which, if anything, are better than the average.

* *
*

THERE is no reason whatever why the careful driver should be penalised for the sins of the few dangerous drivers. Insurance companies offer "no-claim" bonuses, it is true, but they are on so modest a scale as to be practically valueless as an encouragement to greater care.

DOGS

DICIPLINE the DOGS

BY LADY KITTY RITSON

Express Photo

A group of prize-winning collies with their mother, bred at kennels at Hackbridge. All the leading kennels are busy preparing for the great show at Cruft's at the Royal Agricultural Hall

HOWEVER fond you may be of dogs there is no need to allow them to be a nuisance or to order your existence. I am devoted to dogs, in fact far more than is really reasonable, but I try to remember that other people are not likely to be so terribly fond of them, any more than the average person is crazy about another person's children.

PERSONALLY, my heart sinks when I arrive to pay a visit, arrayed in my best clothes, and I am greeted by an exuberant terrier that jumps up on my lap and puts paws on my silk stockings. I try to push him down without being seen—not that it really matters in that type of house, for all the hostess does is to smile fatuously and say: "I'm afraid Jackie is a spoilt little man," but as to checking him. Oh dear, no! He might be hurt or annoyed. The net result is, that having been prepared to love Jackie I dislike him heartily, which is unfair, because it is not his fault. Such dogs are on the same level as children who grab the visitor's pearls till they break, and an indulgent mother says: "What a naughty wee girl." When I get the "wee girl" and Jackie alone they learn not to repeat their tricks.

IT is quite easy to teach puppies not to jump up without any unkindness. When they jump up as pups, press them on the floor quite gently, stroking them and saying, "Good dog." Every time they jump up smack them (not hard), and then put them flat again, making much of them. They will learn very quickly, and instead of being cursed by your friends they will be welcomed, and will get their full share of petting. The same thing applies to jumping on to chairs and sofas. But before punishing this trick be certain that the dog has got a draught-proof basket or bed, otherwise the poor animal is hardly to blame. All dogs should go directly to their own particular bed when they come into a room, and never be allowed to sit in front of the fire, which is so bad for them. It may take you one whole day to inculcate obedience in this particular matter into their little heads, but as long as you don't weaken all will be well. When you smack a dog always do so on the flanks, as then you can do no damage.

THIS is rather apt to be a "scratchy" time of year, and it is as well to suspect worms if you have a dog constantly scratching, or it may be that the blood is out of order. One of the best skin ointments is made by Bob Martin, and will help to allay the irritation. His Condition Powders should be used in conjunction with the ointment, as you must treat the blood first before you can hope to cure the irritation.

DON'T forget that, if your dog is suffering from any ailment that puzzles you, all you need to do is to write to our free Information Bureau, and you will receive advice from a fully qualified veterinary surgeon, free of charge.

Mackinlay's
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

There's no use talking

DISTILLED 12 YEARS AGO
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT TO-DAY!

Also
MACKINLAY'S V.O.B.
Not quite as old but almost as good

Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland by WILLIS. MACKINLAY & CO., Distillers, Leith, and at Trafalgar House, Waterloo Place, S.W.1.
(*Established* 1820.)

Taste it!

A Cruise in strange waters

Make your plans for a Spring Cruise now —and write to-day for an illustrated Booklet and Programme.

The 28-day Cruise, in May, of the P & O s.s. RANCHI to the Black Sea — in the wake of the Argonauts to the land of the Golden Fleece — has many attractions.

Ashore—strange harbours and interesting peoples. Afloat—rest, amusement and the unique personal service which is part of the P & O tradition.

P&O CRUISES

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P & O 130, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3.
P & O Australia House, Strand, W.C.2.

P&O Australia Tourist Fares from £70 return
P&O Sea Tours: Gibraltar Marseilles from £17

THE TOTALISATOR

The Totalisator will be in operation on 558 racing-days during 1931, giving quiet, efficient service to each and every supporter, be the investment large or small. The expansion of the turnover of the Totalisator will permit contribution to be made from the Totalisator Fund towards the betterment of racing in general, the encouragement of horse breeding and the maintenance of worthy charities.

One of the new Totalisator indicators at Ascot, where construction and installation work is well in hand for the meeting which commences on the 16th June.

ISSUED BY THE
RACECOURSE BETTING CONTROL BOARD
Established under the Racecourse Betting Act, 1928.
33, ST. JAMES'S ST., S.W.1.

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Luncheon

HORS D'ŒUVRES VARIÉS.
(RADIS EN SURPRISE.)

SOLES AUX MARSELLES.

POULET À LA ROMAINE.
POMMES DE TERRE SAUTÉES.

POMMES À LA PORTUGAISE.

PETITS GOÛTS DE SARDINES FUMÉES.

CAFÉ.

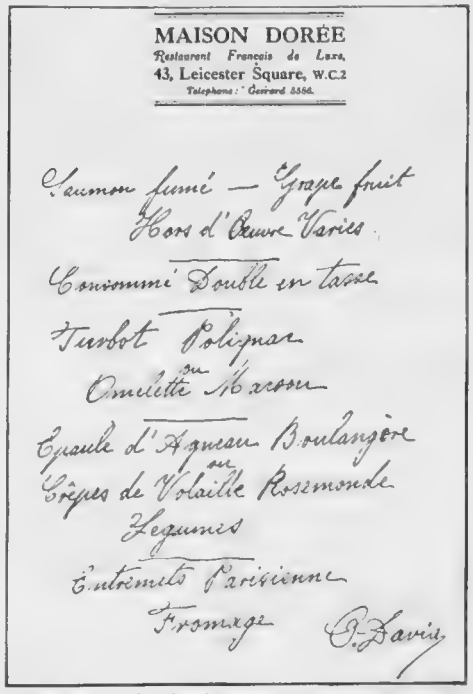
Hors d'Œuvres Variés (Radis en Surprise)

TAKE some round red radishes, cut off a slice at the bottom of each, and scoop out the insides. Carefully fill these up with a little ball of caviare and squeeze into each a few drops of lemon-juice and a dust of red pepper. Dish up each radish on a small croûte of bread that has been fried in oil and allowed to get cold. Twist a fillet of anchovy round the radish.

Soles aux Marselles

SKIN two soles, trim off fins and remove the heads, score the fish across, season with salt and coraline pepper and a little lemon-juice, put them in a buttered fireproof dish, and cover with buttered paper. Bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. Take them up and pour a cheese-cream sauce over them and brown the fish under the grill.

Cheese Sauce.—Six ounces of Parmesan cheese, six tablespoonfuls of cream and a very little mustard. Melt together until smooth and creamy.



The menu of a lunch served at Maison Dorée, in Leicester Square. The price of the lunch is 5s., inclusive of wine

Poulet à la Romaine

TRUSS a fowl for boiling. Place it in a large stewpan with four or five tablespoonfuls of good salad oil, a pinch of salt, a few cloves, a leek and a bouquet of herbs. When the oil is perfectly hot, put in the chicken and let it cook very slowly, turning it every now and then, so that all parts may be equally cooked. When cooked it should be of a delicate brown colour. Strain out all the vegetables and herbs, and pour off some of the oil; remove the fowl and keep it hot. Add to the remaining oil a few spoonfuls of tomato sauce and a little stock. Stir well, and stew for about ten minutes. Have ready some macaroni well boiled, and cut into pieces one and a half inches in length. Heat the macaroni in the sauce, pour it round the fowl and serve.

Pommes à la Portugaise

TAKE some apples, not too large, and all of one size. Peel them and remove the core. Stew gently in syrup until tender but not broken, and then leave till cold. Place in a glass or silver dish, strain and then colour the syrup pink, and fill the hollow in each apple with whipped cream. For the syrup use a breakfastcupful of sugar, and the same of water, the juice of one lemon, and the peel of half; pour this syrup round the fruit.

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Devonshire House, Mayfair Place, W.1

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6/6

Theatre Dinner
8/6

Diners au choix
10/6

Supper à la carte
&
Dancing
9–2 a.m.

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WITH
HECTOR'S VENETIAN DANCE ORCHESTRA

Nature's Bulwark against Rheumatism

THE best medical authority affirms that the acid formations which cause rheumatic conditions can be successfully broken up and eliminated if taken in time.

Vichy-Célestins *Natural* Mineral Water is Nature's own antidote against rheumatic tendencies in the system. Drawn direct from the famous Célestins rock-spring, its tonic and mildly stimulating properties ward off the pains and penalties of *rheumatism.* Vichy-Célestins is also a safe and effective tonic-digestant.

Drink Vichy-Célestins *regularly* at meals. You'll like it and will derive great benefit from its use.

Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

The French Natural Mineral Water.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents:*

INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,

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VICHY ETAT

Throat dry and sore?

The power of the "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles to soothe and refresh the throat wins for them the recommendation of all who try them. Throat comfort acquires a new meaning, once you have experienced the effect of an "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille. Specially made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants—they are delicious.

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Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

8d. and 1/3 per box from chemists.

★ YOU WILL ENJOY EVERY MOMENT AT ★

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LES TZIGANES

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FIVE GALLON CASK (=2½ Doz.), complete with tap and carriage paid, for - £18

Refills in returnable jars. Send 25/- for 2 bottles, post paid, and try the very excellent quality of it.

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The best French SARDINES *in olive oil*

FAMOUS FOR OVER ¾ OF A CENTURY · *ESTD 1844.*

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Novel Train Lighting

As an experiment, the London and North Eastern Railway Company are running for extended trials a vehicle in the King's Cross-Hull service in which the lights are automatically controlled. Special fittings have been supplied by Messrs. Radiovisor Parent Ltd., of 26, Coventry Street, W.1, to the requirements of Mr. H. N. Gresley, the chief mechanical engineer of the L.N.E.R. The apparatus is an attachment to the ordinary train-lighting equipment, and consists of a light-sensitive selenium bridge enclosed in a small window in the van at the end of the vehicle, which, through a sensitive relay, operates the main carriage lighting switch. The attachment is adjusted so that when the light conditions outside the vehicle render reading difficult, the relay operates and the lights in the interior are automatically switched on. The reverse procedure takes place when the external light becomes strong enough. It will be seen, therefore, that the apparatus functions not only during the hours of natural darkness, but also when the train passes through tunnels, below station roofs, and under long bridges. The Radiovisor relay is neatly housed in a cast-iron box in the guard's compartment near the small window containing the selenium cell, and it is protected from the vibration of the train by its mounting of sponge rubber and springs.

Stutz Breaks Record

The one way record across the continent of America made last August was again beaten recently by "Cannon-ball" Baker, driving a stock Stutz car. He travelled 3,220 miles in 60 hours and 51 minutes, clipping no less than 6 hours and 47 minutes off the previous record. It is interesting to recall that Baker's first trans-continental record was made with the same make of car. That was in 1915, when the crossing required 11 days 7 hours and 15 minutes. The exact mileage of the route from New York to Los Angeles is 3,018.5 miles, but detours increased this by over 200 miles. Baker's average thus works out at 52.92 m.p.h. for 3 nights and 2 days, an amazing feat of endurance. This was his 101st trans-continental run.

L.N.A.

Sir Louis Baron, the head of the famous house of Carreras, Ltd. (centre), at the "Black Cat" Ball given for the employees at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Sir Louis was presented with a gold cigarette case by the members of the staff

Sardines for the Epicure

There are on the market at present so many brands of fish masquerading as sardines, and closely resembling them in everything but flavour, that it almost requires the services of an expert to make a happy choice. The intelligent woman's guide to sardine buying, however, is furnished by the name of a pedigree brand famous for three-quarters of a century. French sardines are admittedly *le dernier cri* for flavour, and Peneau's French sardines add to this the qualities of uniformity and careful packing in olive oil. They come in distinctive tins bearing the name of Joseph Peneau, whose family has for so long set the standard in this particular delicacy. It is a point of interest that under present regulations only fish that are actually sardines can be sold in tins bearing on the label the word —"Sardines."

Beetham's Glycerine and Cucumber. World renowned for its beneficial effects on the skin, is still obtainable at all Chemists and Stores. 1/-, 1/9 and 2/6 per bottle.

Winter is here

and with its frost and wind is a trying time to the skin, yet a small amount of care is sufficient to keep your face and hands soft and smooth and free from cracks and dryness. LAROLA should be used regularly as a protection before going out and as an emollient after exposure. A small quantity rubbed over the face, neck, hands and arms, and wiped off with a soft towel, soothes and whitens and gives a perfect skin and complexion. 1/6 and 2/6 per bottle.

Larola

From all Chemists and Stores, or post free direct from

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The recognised Leading First-class English Hotel. Beautiful situation overlooking Town and Sea. Open all the Year.

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Rooms from Fs. 50. Pension from Fs. 100.

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ON THE WARM SOUTH DEVON COAST

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2-MILE PROMENADE
FULL AMUSEMENTS, GOLF
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9 essentials to look for when you choose a car

Vauxhall Cadet Saloon, £280. With sliding roof and Protecto-glass, as illustrated, £298.

No matter what price you mean to pay, there are nine vital points to insist on in the car you buy!

1 It must be as good-looking as any on the road.

2 It must run smoothly and quietly at all speeds.

3 It must have a quick acceleration that will get you away first in traffic.

4 It must climb any reasonable hill in top gear.

5 It must perform month after month with just ordinary care and at the least possible expense.

6 It must be easy to drive and handle in any traffic situation, and must be comfortable in all sorts of weather.

7 It must give you all modern convenient features.

8 It must be absolutely safe for yourself and your family.

9 It must be the product of a Company you can rely on, with a service policy that will give prompt attention to your requirements wherever you may be.

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VAUXHALL CADET

£280 17 H.P. 6 CYLINDERS

Make the test for yourself—ask any Vauxhall dealer to give you a trial run in this splendid car. Day and night shifts are being worked at the factory to ensure prompt delivery. Saloon, £280, or with sliding roof and Protectoglass, £298; Tourer, £275; Two-Seater, £295; Sports Coupé, £298; Four Light Coupé, £298. There is a special 26-h.p. model for overseas. Write for catalogue to Vauxhall Sales Department, General Motors Limited, The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.

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2463

The most romantic holiday in the world . . .

March 20th, 1931—29 days.
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To Cairo, Tangier, Palma (Majorca), Malta, Derna (Cyrenaica), Jaffa (for Jerusalem), Larnaka (Cyprus), Haifa, Beirut, Rhodes, Sousse (for Kairouan), Algiers.

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TO THE MEDITERRANEAN.
To Tangier, Naples, Rhodes, Constantinople, Athens, Tripoli, Malta, Algiers.

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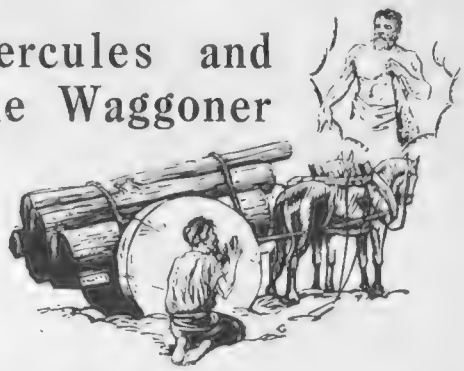
ÆSOP'S FABLES No. 2.

Hercules and the Waggoner



The moral of this fable of Æsop has passed into a common saying, "Put your Shoulder to the Wheel," and implies that effort is necessary if we are to overcome the difficulties of life. "It is vain to expect our prayers to be heard, if we do not strive as well as pray."

Let us send you an illustrated leaflet giving the fable in full and you will see how applicable is the lesson it contains to the case of parents providing for the education of their children.

If the parent will put his shoulder to the wheel by laying aside a small sum annually while the child is young, Hercules in the guise of

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

will extend a helping hand by means of a

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Ask for Fable No. 2 (Y)

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Write for illustrated Booklet "Candles in the Home"
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Two Steeples St. Wolstan Wool Socks

Always the same quality

When you buy Two Steeples St. Wolstan Wool Socks you can be sure always of the same high-grade quality time and time again. These socks are the production of highly skilled English Stockingers and the St. Wolstan Wool is of one regular quality, the richest long staple pure botany obtainable.

No. 83. Standard 3/1 rib for general wear. A good medium weight for walking. 36 handsome ingrain shades to blend with all fashionable suitings.

Write for descriptive booklet containing actual patterns of the various styles of St. Wolstan Wool Socks and Underwear,
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WIGSTON, LEICESTERSHIRE

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Established 1895.
West End Branch:
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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF ORNAMENTAL HAIRWORK UNDERTAKEN AND CAREFULLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED.
SPECIAL SHADES EXTRA

Switches of Pure Human Hair

16 in. ..	5 9	22 in. ..	15 9
18 in. ..	8 9	24 in. ..	22 9
20 in. ..	11 9	26 in. ..	26 9
28 in. .	37 9		

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This useful mushroom shape has a novel finished brim . . 30/-
Obtainable from any of our Agents or sent on approval on receipt of cash or London reference.

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Where could you have got finer and softer underclothing than Bonsor's Buccleuch?"

"I'm sure I don't know, darling. It's just the nicest, warmest, woolliest underwear I've ever worn; and the style and fit are perfect."

Bonsor's Buccleuch underwear is known for the delightful comfort it gives, its durability, its warmth, lightness and fineness of texture.

Spun and woven from the finest Australian Wool, designed to ensure that absolute fit so much desired by ladies to-day, it is the perfect underclothing for all adults and children and is unshrinkable.

All the best outfitters can supply you. If any difficulty, write to the Factory, giving name of nearest retailer.

BUCCLEUCH HEALTH WEAR

Makers of the well-known Bonsor's "Buccleuch" Knitwear.

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JAMES BONSOR & CO. LTD.,
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dB MASTERFRONT

dB 2507.
Side-fastening Girdle, made in beautiful Pink Silk Moiré Satin. Sizes 24 to 36 inches.
37/6

The mirror is the best recommendation a dB Figure Garment has. There is shown "the reason why" of many a clever design—you see actual figure improvement—those slender, fashionably supple and natural lines to which you have often aspired. If your figure must look its best, then it calls indisputably for the finest of foundations, and that is a dB model. The new beautiful brochure, "The Book of the Perfect Figure," is now ready. A copy is sent free on request together with the name of your nearest stockist.

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Modern in every way.
Same management Hotel Imperator, Nimes.

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Unrivalled situation facing Sea and Casino. Up to date. Open all year.
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PENSION FROM Frs. 70.

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For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE

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The First Special Hospital in London devoted to Cancer Treatment and Research.

AN URGENT APPEAL IS MADE FOR £150,000 for a new Radiological Block and other extensions which will add 80 beds to the Hospital.
AND ALSO FOR RADIUM.

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Antwerp. — **Grand Hotel de Londres,** 58, Avenue de Keyser. The most modern and the best clientele.

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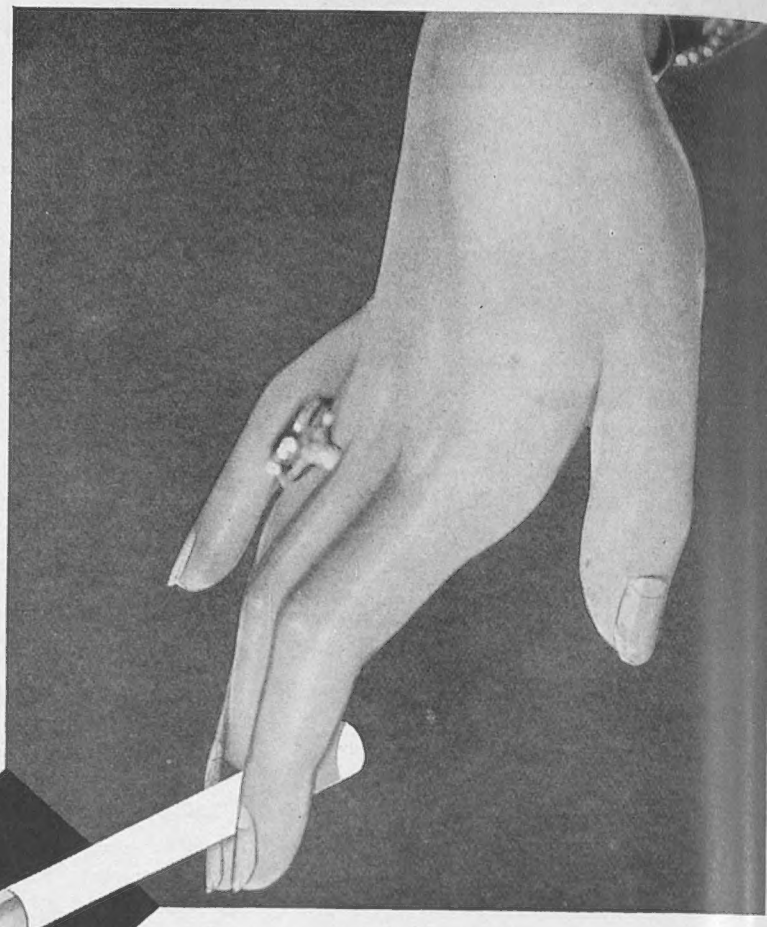

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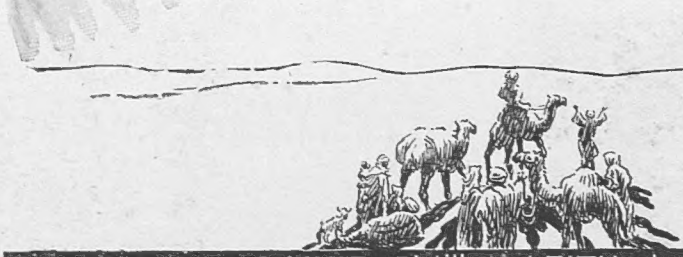

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Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.